

FIRST
COMICS
DELUXE SERIES

JAN. \$1.75
NO. 9
\$2.45 CANADA

THE BADGER™



Dear LARRY,:

% FIRST COMICS
1014 DAVIS
EVANSTON, IL
60201

Dear Paw Printers:

"Surfin' U.S.A." was another step into the wild world of the Badger.

Just when I thought that I knew what to expect in a Badger story ol' "Break-Neck" Baron throws a spitball in the works.

I was reading the story with my regular delight when all of a sudden I reach the back page and there's the Badger balled up on the floor as helpless as a small child. And as if that wasn't bad enough there are those two slime balls getting ready to jump down his throat and tap dance on his lungs. Things don't look too good for our Wisconsin Wildman.

Seeing the Badger on the bad end of the stick is like going to a Charles Bronson film festival and seeing ol' wrinkle face get his toes stomped! It just can't be! I'm really kind of afraid to buy the next issue. I don't like to see things change. (Every comic reader seems to hate change ... for a little while.) Maybe after a couple of issues the Badger will get back to his butt-kicking ways and forget all about that fetal position. Before all that happens I think he'll have to get this "Larry" thing behind him.

By the way, my vote for the First/DC team up in 1986 is the Badger and the Ambush Bug. Now there's a real team-up for ya!

Stephen Scott Beau Smith
Comicast
#1 Fourth Street
Williamsbury Colony
Barboursville, WV 25504

Dear Staff of Badger,

You know, it's the strangest thing, but your Badger comic is mildly disconcerting. By that I mean that to we British, the prospect of those woodland creatures we know and love so well turning wild with the simplest utterance from a psychopathic — sorry, PSYCHOTIC — nutter may do the strangest things to our nervous systems. At any rate, it has done to mine.

You see, I have badgers living at the bottom of my garden.

Last night, about a quarter after three (yes, I know that technically is the morning, but you know what I mean), I decided to go and test the theory presented in your comic books to the limits (and beyond) of rationality. Pouncing out of bed, I leapt into a red-and-blue costume that just happened to be hanging near me at the time, grabbed some back issues of the aforementioned publication (that's Badger, for all you readers of Heavy Metal) and flung myself (not at all unlike a speeding bullet) out

into the cold caress of the night.

Three minutes later, I was squatting on my bottom lawn, in the darkness, awaiting the arrival of the aforementioned creature (a BADGER — why do you Heavy Metal readers ever come out of your cubicles?).

About a half hour later, one emerged. Standing upon my hind legs, I threw caution to the winds and proclaimed in a loud and steady voice: "Ey Op, Ah'm thou brother!" and do you know what happened? Absolutely NOTHING!

... and I BELIEVED you.

Leonine

East Sussex, England

Probably confused th' poor critter with that funny way you Brits speak. Why doncha try it agin in good ol' American?



Dear Mike Baron,

You realize, of course, that the scariest things about the Badger are those moments of lucidity.

Jill Berfus

312 13th St. #7

Charlottesville, VA 22903

No, the scariest things are the reader's moments of lucidity. Witness:

Dear Soon To Be Deceased One —

I am an avid reader of the Badger, but his book only comes out every two months; this — of course — forces me to ingest many sedatives between issues. I realize that in the entertainment field some plot lines are too long for one showing and therefore must be broken into parts. I also realize that it is common (and sound) practice to make the break at a point of high intensity, thus keeping the viewer/reader's interest at a peak, and drawing them back to watch/read the conclusion of the story.

However, what you have done at the end of Badger #6 was outlawed by the Geneva Convention! I mean, ask LARRY; cruel and inhuman punishment is not legal! I await issue #7 impatiently; I cannot be held responsible for my actions until then!

P.S. Why are the Marines in Canada?

P.P.S. I wouldn't accept any UPS packages for a while, if I were you.

RAND

2408 E. 61st St. No.

Tulsa, Oklahoma 74130

Right. That's it, I'm getting out of here.



NEXT ISSUE: Has the Badger finally met his match? Join **Mike Baron, Bill Reinhold, Sam DeLaRosa** and, of course, the Badger on "The Effigy Mound!"

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**A FIRST COMICS
PUBLISHING PRODUCTION**

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BILL REINHOLD
SAM DE LA ROSA
JOHN NYBERG

WRITER
PENCILLER
INKERS

THE BADGER

WILLIE SCHUBERT LETTERER
LINDA LESSMANN COLORIST
MIKE GOLD EDITOR

HOT AUGUST NIGHT

6 P.M. SCHENK'S CORNER.
93 DEGREES FAHRENHEIT WITH NO
RELIEF IN SIGHT. THE BADGER,
WEARY FROM BEATING THE LARD
OUT OF A YOUNG MAN WHO
PERSISTED IN DRIVING HIS '69
BUICK WITHOUT BENEFIT OF
MUFFLER, WANTED NOTHING
MORE THAN A COLD PITCHER
OF POINT.

OR WOULD YOU LIKE TO
SWING ON A STAR---
CARRY MOONBEAM MCJUGGS
HOME IN A JAR--

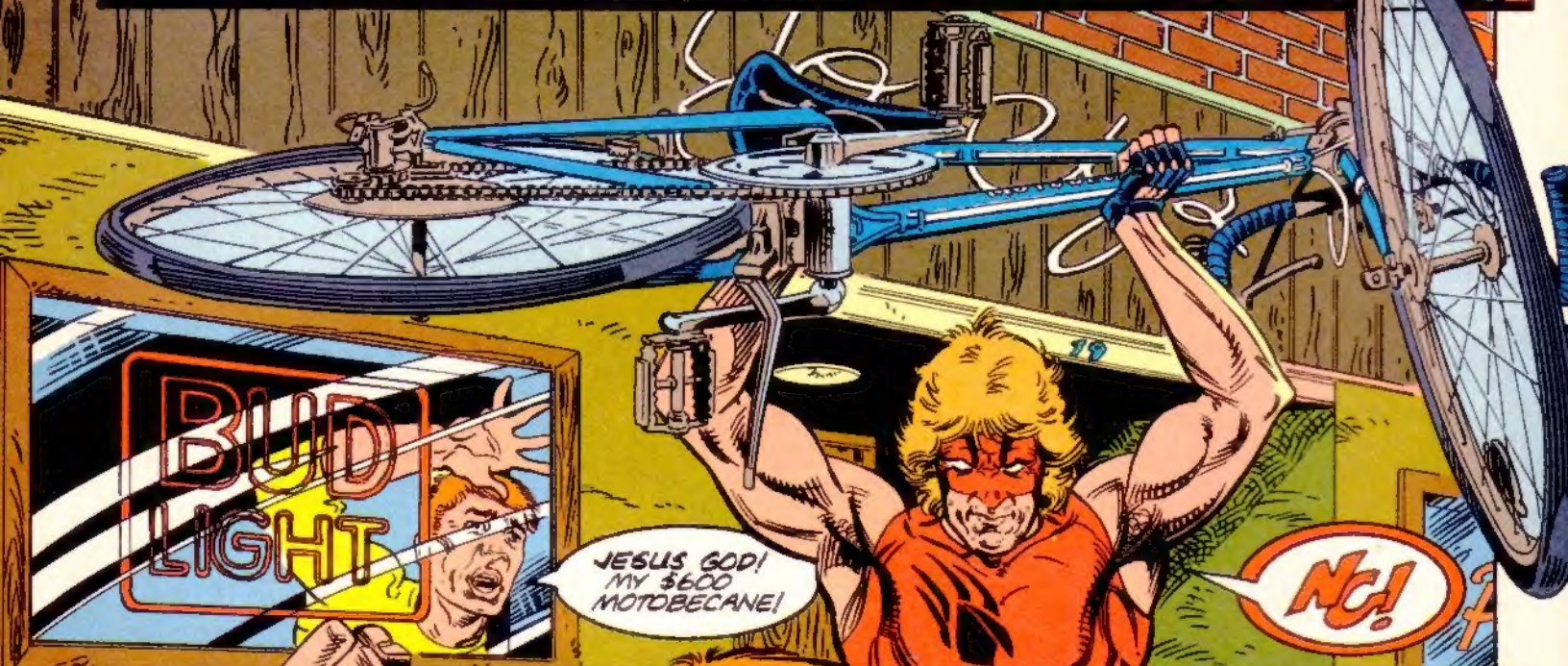
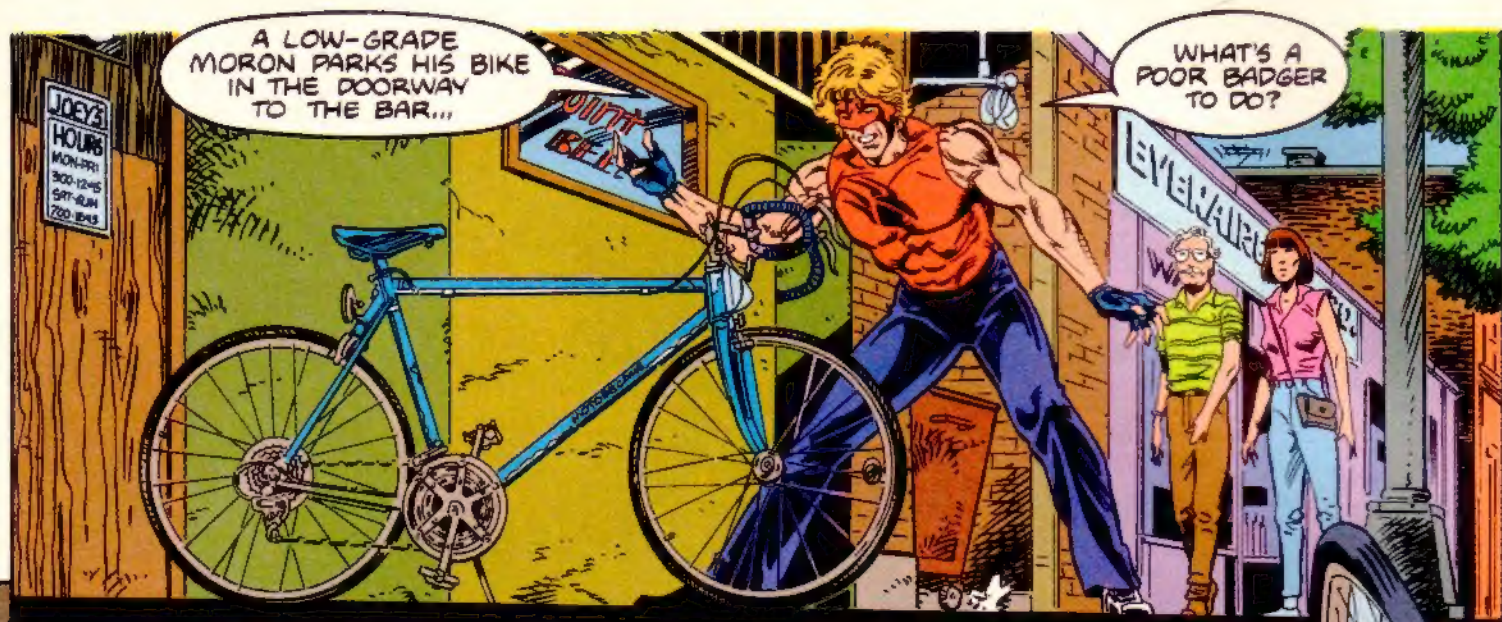
BROTHER
THEODORE'S ICE CREAM
FACIAL. YES! WE'RE TALKING
MEGABUCKS HERE! IF ONLY
BROTHER THEODORE
WILL AGREE...

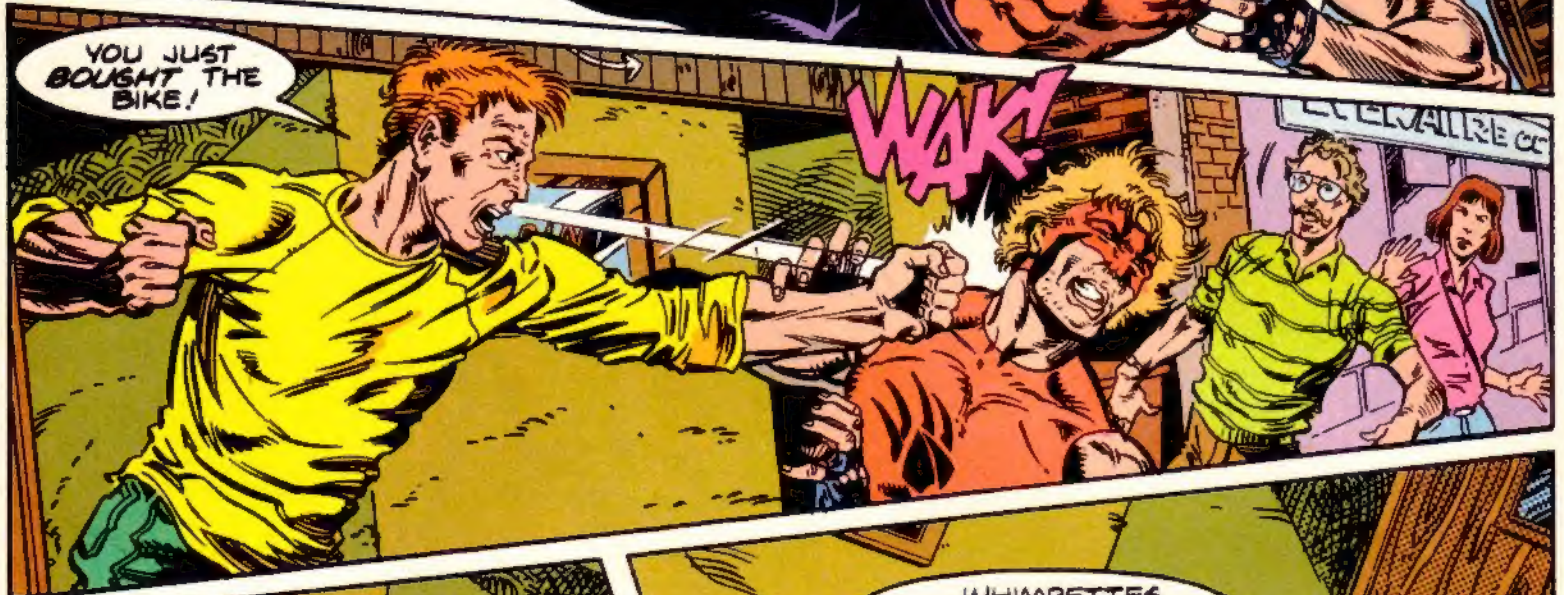
IS IT
HOT ENOUGH
FOR YOU?

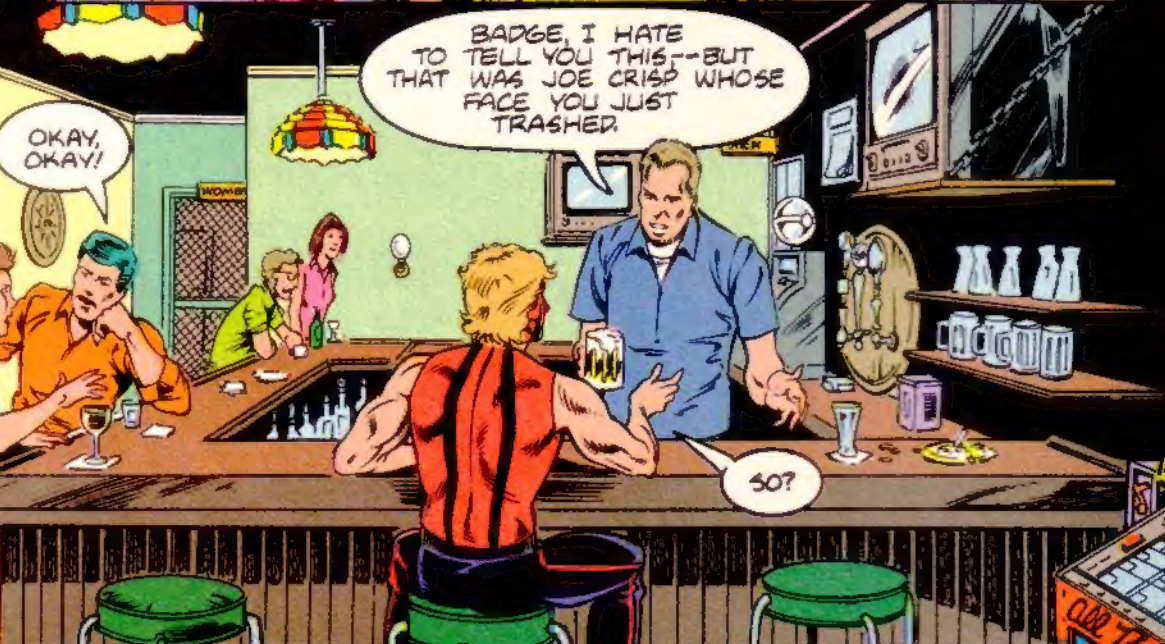
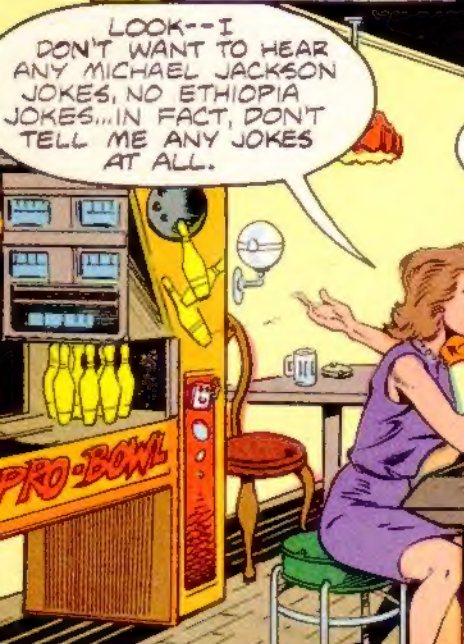
IS IT
HOT ENOUGH
FOR ME?

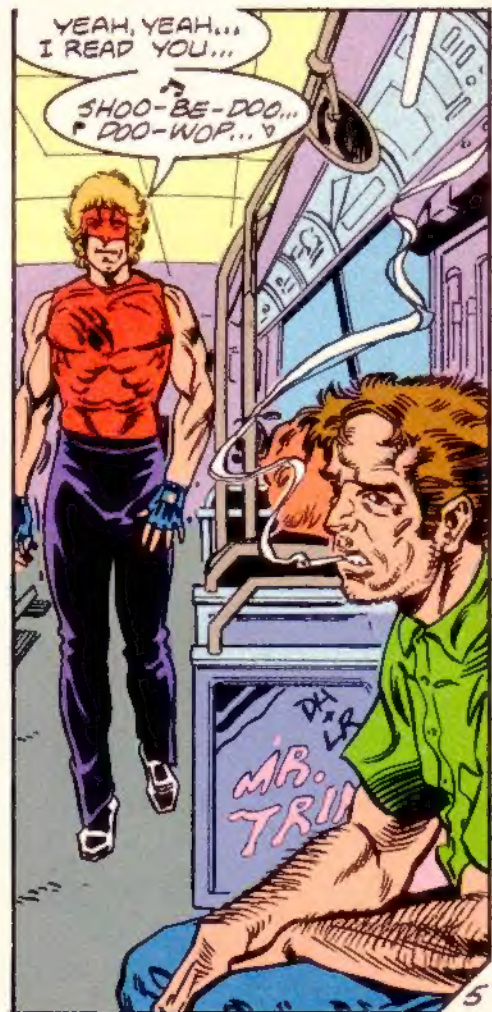
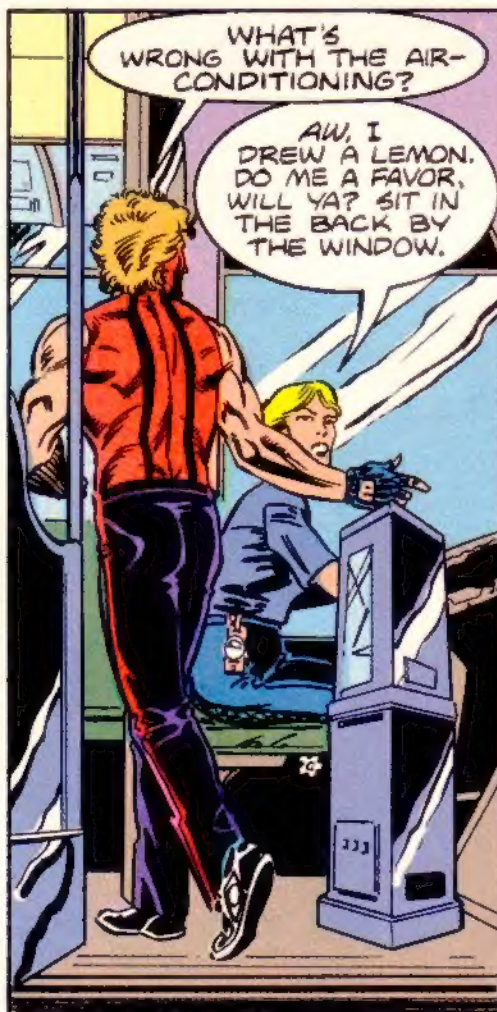
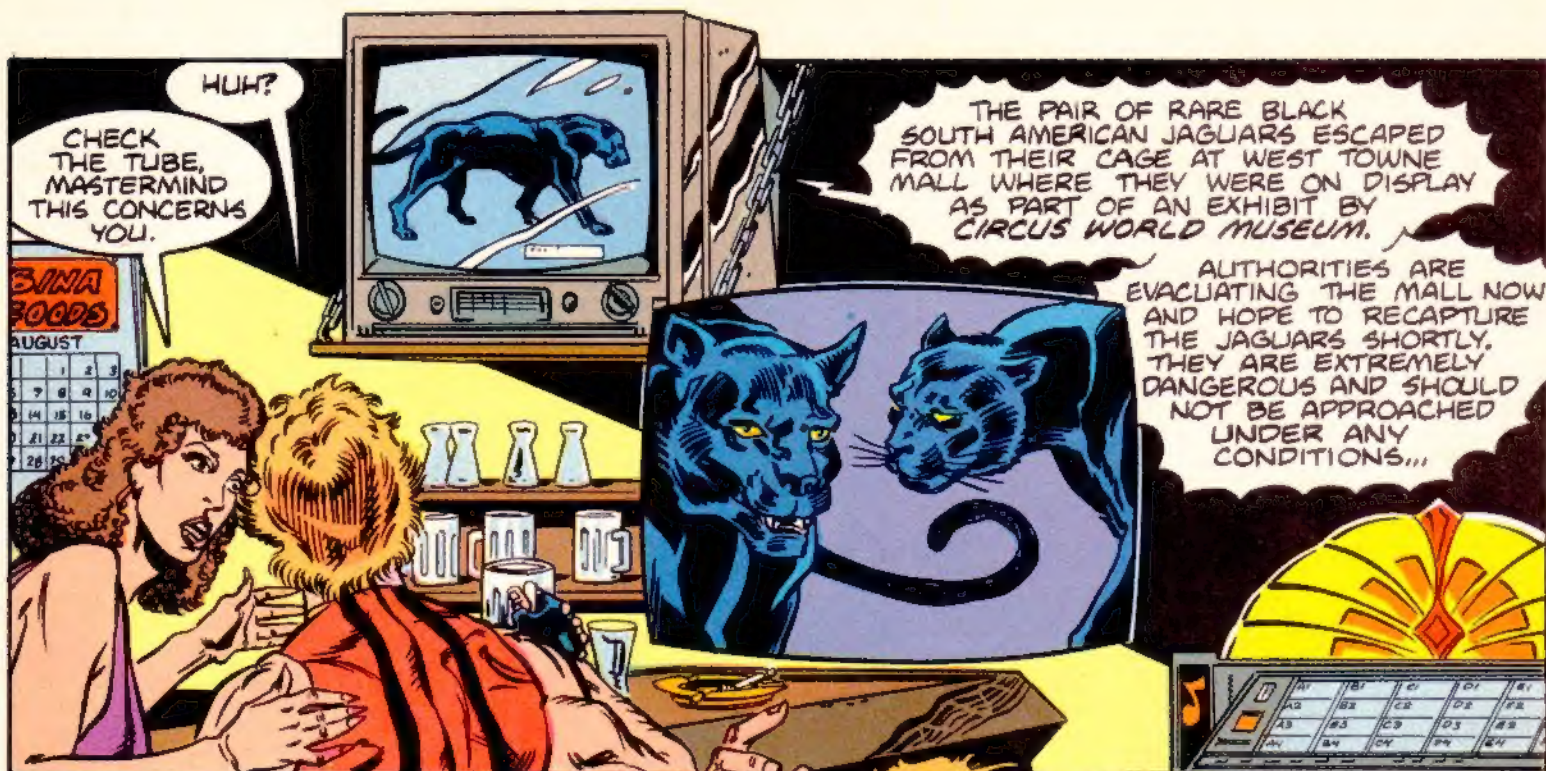
WOO WOO
WOO...

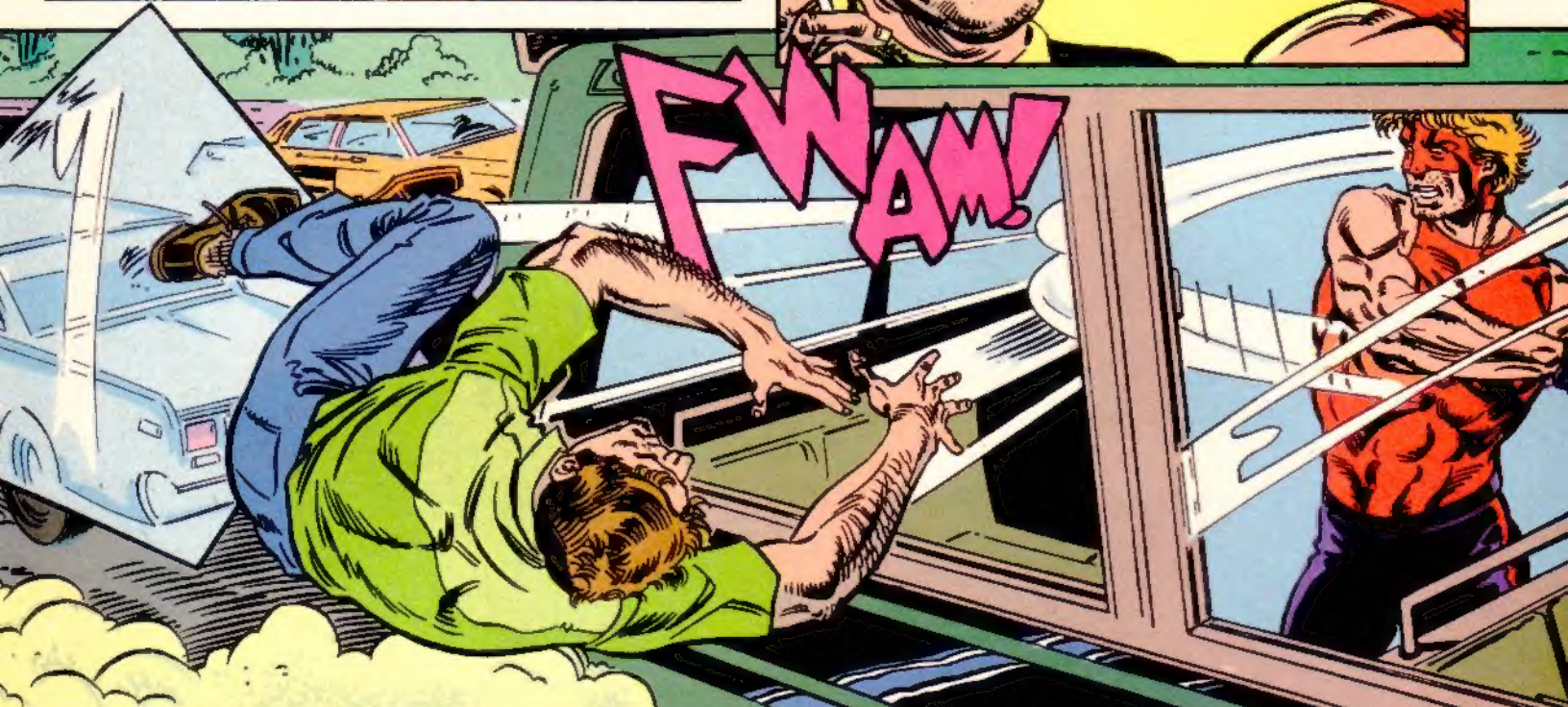


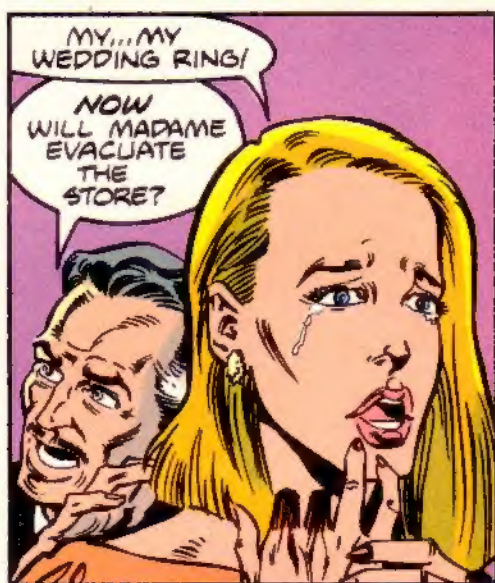
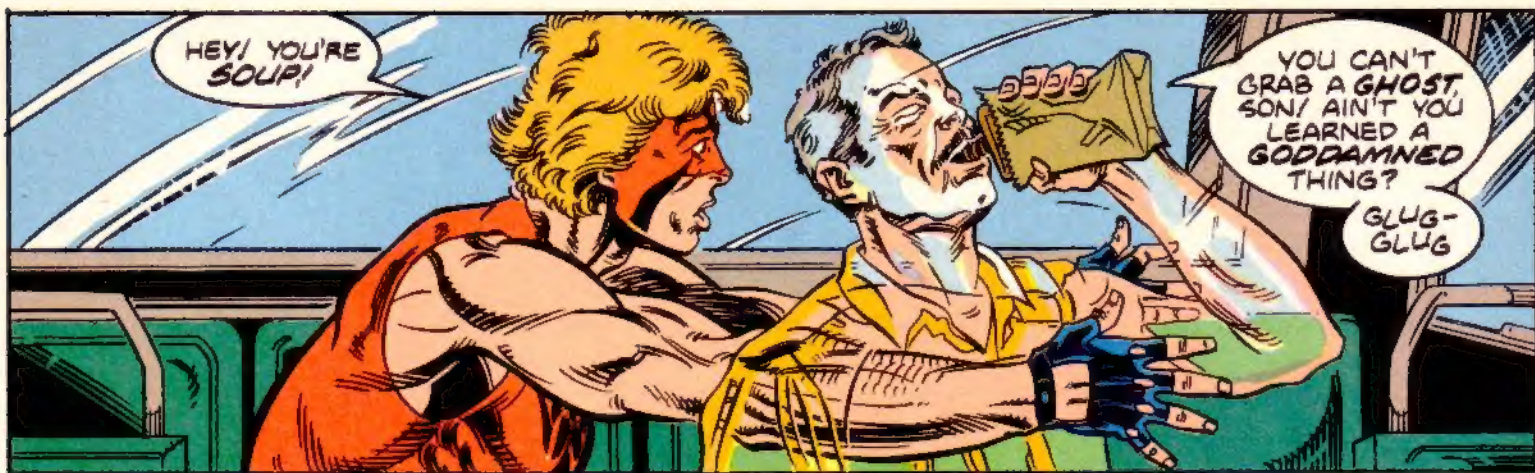












AT WEST TOWNE...

MALL ENTRANCE

HEY, SORRY ABOUT WARREN. BUT HE'S A QUIET DRUNK. HE MADE A LOT OF GOOD MOVIES-- JUST LET HIM SIT THERE.

NO PROBLEM.

SORRY, PAL. NO ONE GETS INTO THE MALL. WE GOT TWO WILD ANIMALS RUNNING AROUND IN THERE.

BUT I CAN TALK TO THE ANIMALS...

SURE YOU CAN PAL. BUT I'LL TELL YOU WHAT-- WE ALREADY GOT A GUY TALKIN' TO 'EM.

NO, I REALLY CAN TALK TO THE ANIMALS.

OKAY. SAY SOMETHING TO MY GERMAN SHEPHERD. HEY YOU GUYS! GET A LOAD OF THIS!

WOOF WOOF! GREEE-ROUL!

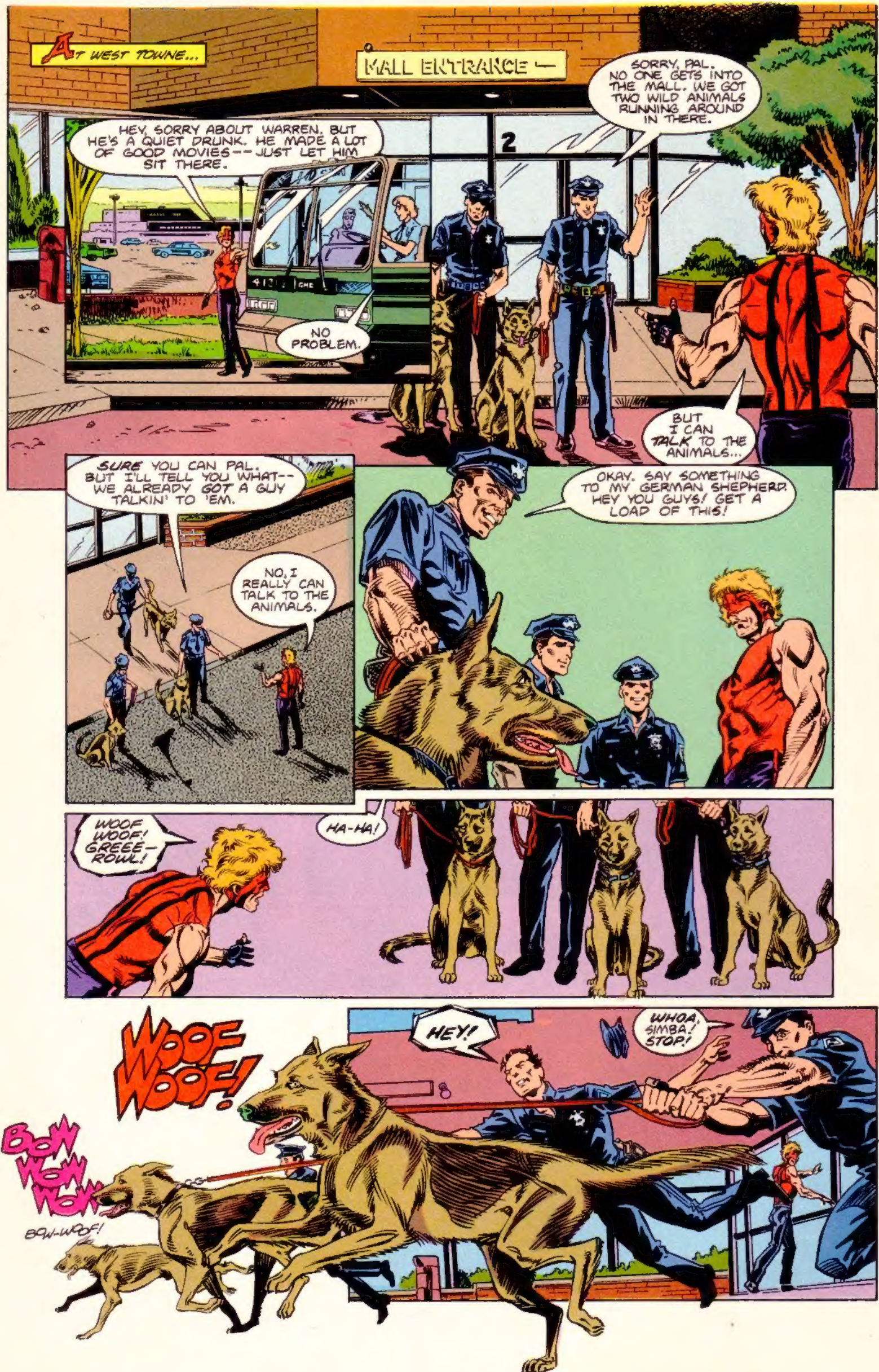
HA-HA!

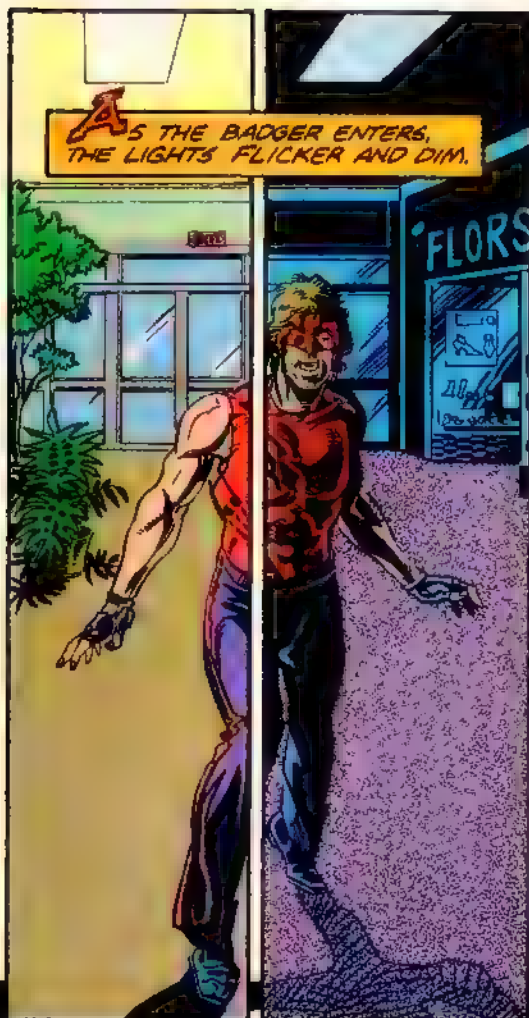
WOOF WOOF!

HEY!

WHOA, SIMBA! STOP!

BOW WOV WOV
BW-WOOF!





AS THE BADGER ENTERS,
THE LIGHTS FLICKER AND DIM.

SWELL.
WE GOT A
BROWN-OUT.
THERE GO THE
LIGHTS AND
THE AIR-
CONDITIONING.

WHAT AIR-
CONDITIONING?
MUST BE 80
IN HERE, AT
LEAST.



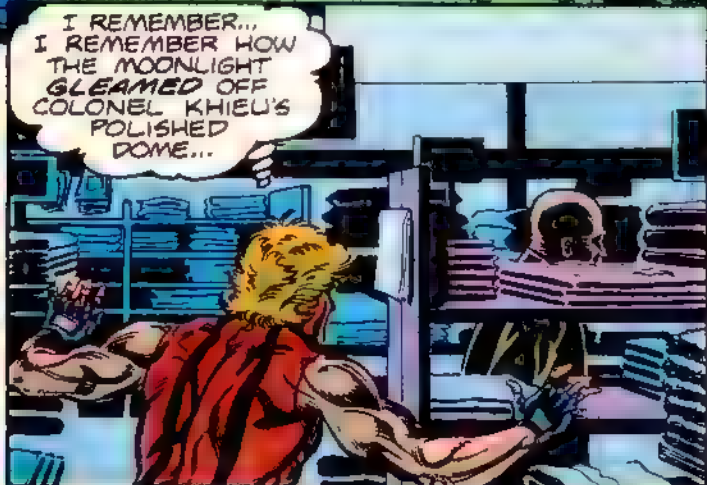
IT'S JUST LIKE
THE JUNGLE IN HERE.
JUST LIKE THE
JUNGLE...

I SHALL NEVER FORGET THE TIME
NORBERT LED THOSE SAPPERS UP THE
LITTLE BRANCH OF THE DRANG...OR WAS
IT THE BIG BRANCH OF THE HUANG?
AND WERE THEY SAPPERS?

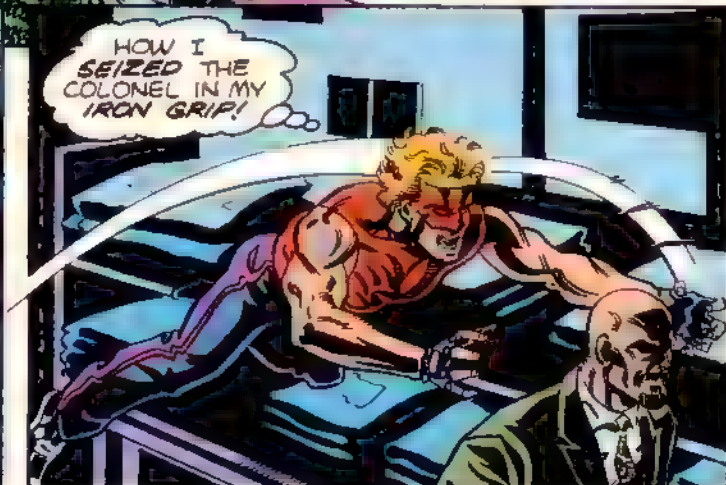


IN ANY CASE,
OUR COURAGE AND
CUNNING WERE TESTED
TO THE UTMOST--THERE
--IN THE MOONLIGHT!

I REMEMBER...
I REMEMBER HOW
THE MOONLIGHT
GLEAMED OFF
COLONEL KHIEU'S
POLISHED
DOME...



HOW I
SEIZED THE
COLONEL IN MY
IRON GRIP!



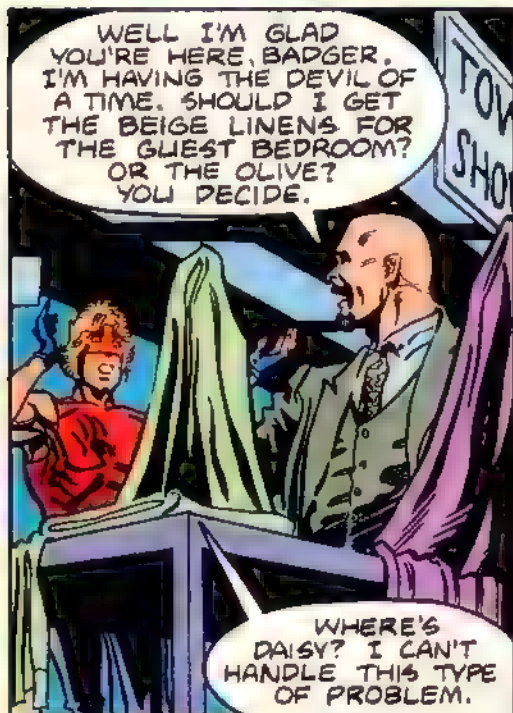
EGAD SIR!
ATTACKING ME
FROM THE REAR!
YOUR EFFRONTERY
IS ONLY EXCEEDED
BY YOUR
BEHINDERY!





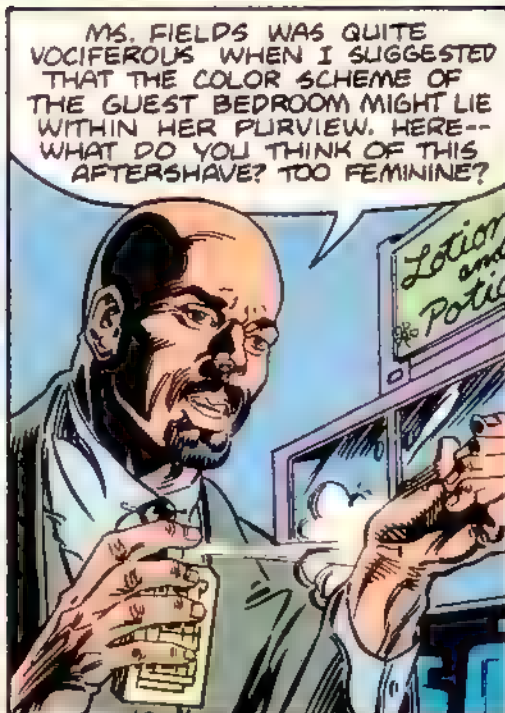
OR
SHOULD THAT BE
SUCCEEDED?

SORRY, HAM.
I THOUGHT YOU
WERE MY OLD NEMESIS
COLONEL DUK KHIU
OF THE KMHER
ROUGE.

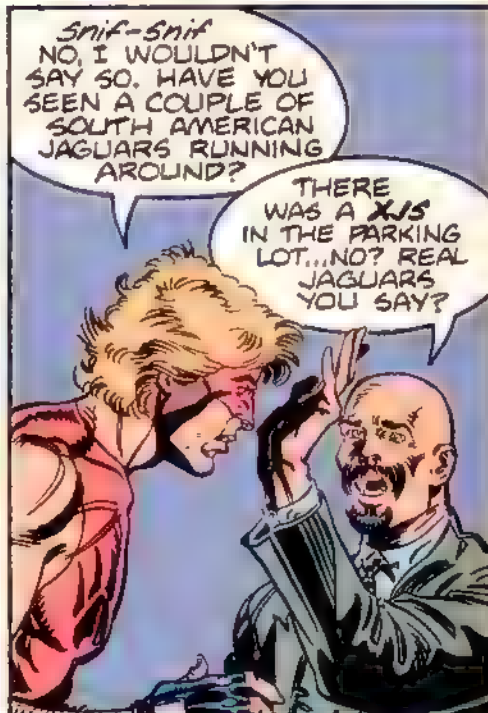


WELL I'M GLAD
YOU'RE HERE, BADGER.
I'M HAVING THE DEVIL OF
A TIME. SHOULD I GET
THE BEIGE LINENS FOR
THE GUEST BEDROOM?
OR THE OLIVE?
YOU DECIDE.

WHERE'S
DAISY? I CAN'T
HANDLE THIS TYPE
OF PROBLEM.

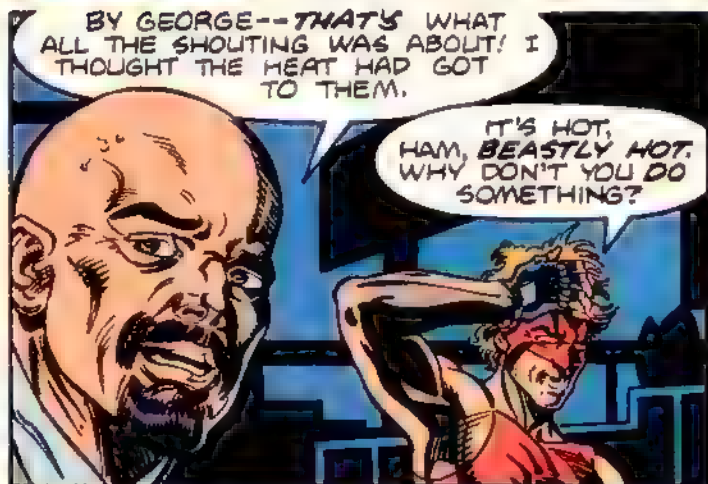


MS. FIELDS WAS QUITE
VOCIFEROUS WHEN I SUGGESTED
THAT THE COLOR SCHEME OF
THE GUEST BEDROOM MIGHT LIE
WITHIN HER PURVIEW. HERE--
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS
AFTERSHAVE? TOO FEMININE?



Snif-Snif
NO, I WOULDN'T
SAY SO. HAVE YOU
SEEN A COUPLE OF
SOUTH AMERICAN
JAGUARS RUNNING
AROUND?

THERE
WAS A ~~XJS~~
IN THE PARKING
LOT...NO? REAL
JAGUARS
YOU SAY?



BY GEORGE--~~THAT'S~~ WHAT
ALL THE SHOUTING WAS ABOUT! I
THOUGHT THE HEAT HAD GOT
TO THEM.

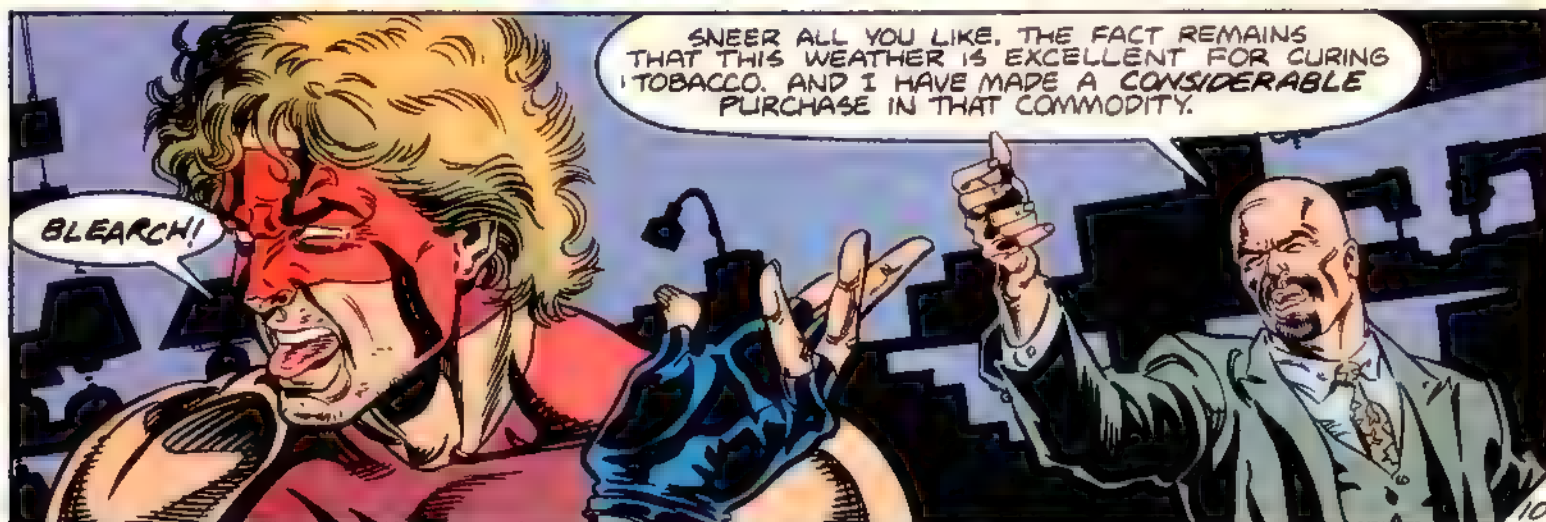
IT'S HOT,
HAM, ~~BEASTLY~~ HOT.
WHY DON'T YOU DO
SOMETHING?



I
DID DO
SOMETHING
I MADE
IT HOT.

OKAY,
I'LL BITE.
WHY?

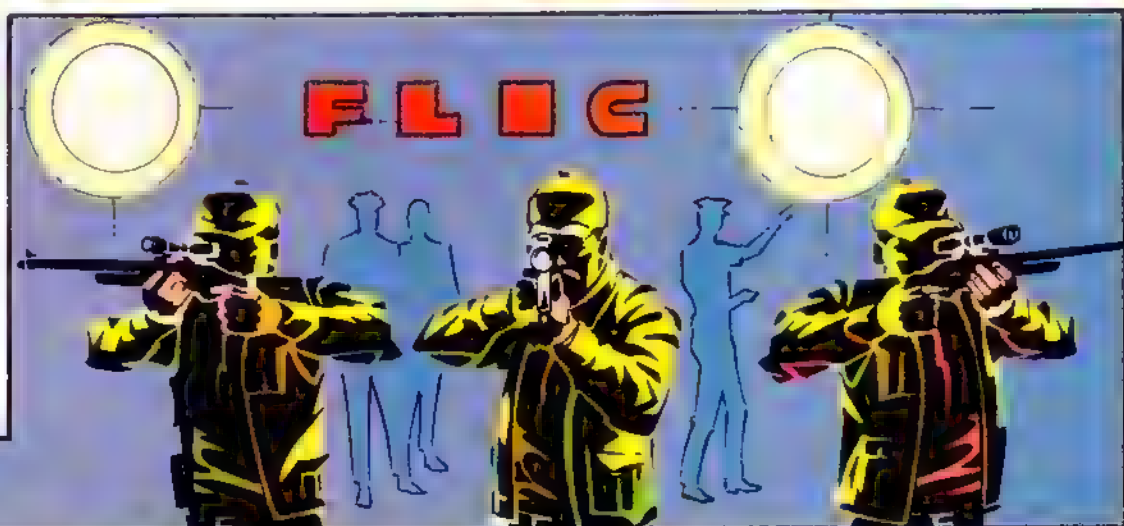
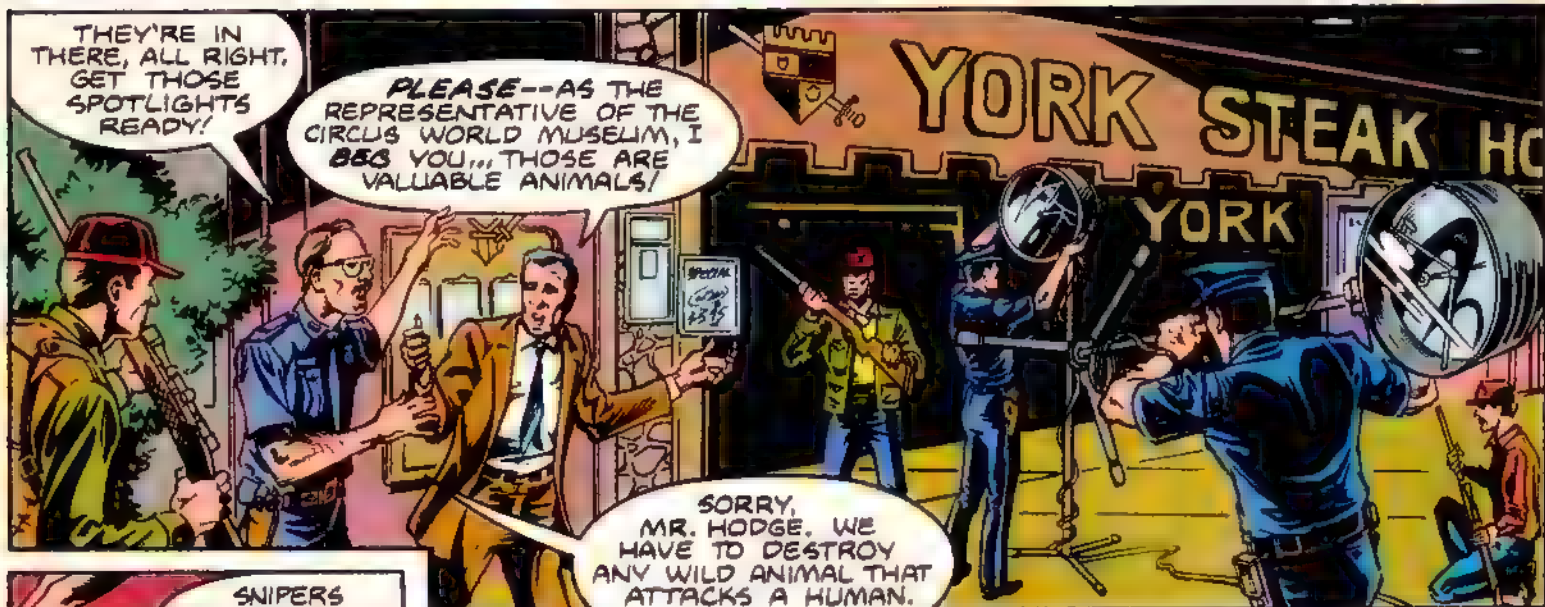
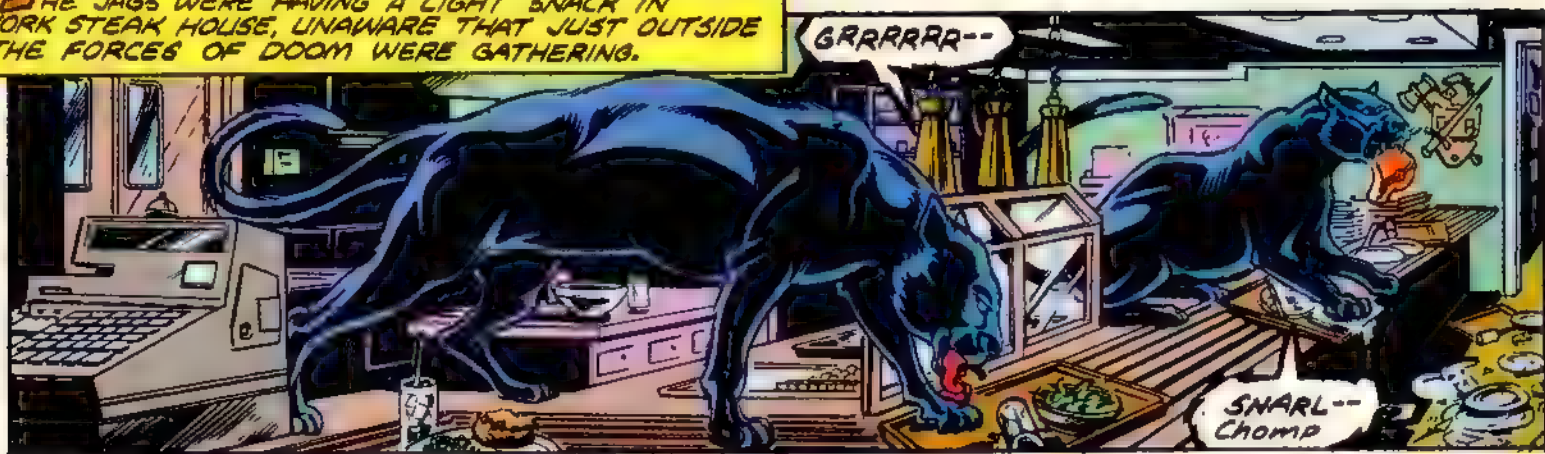
TOBACCO.

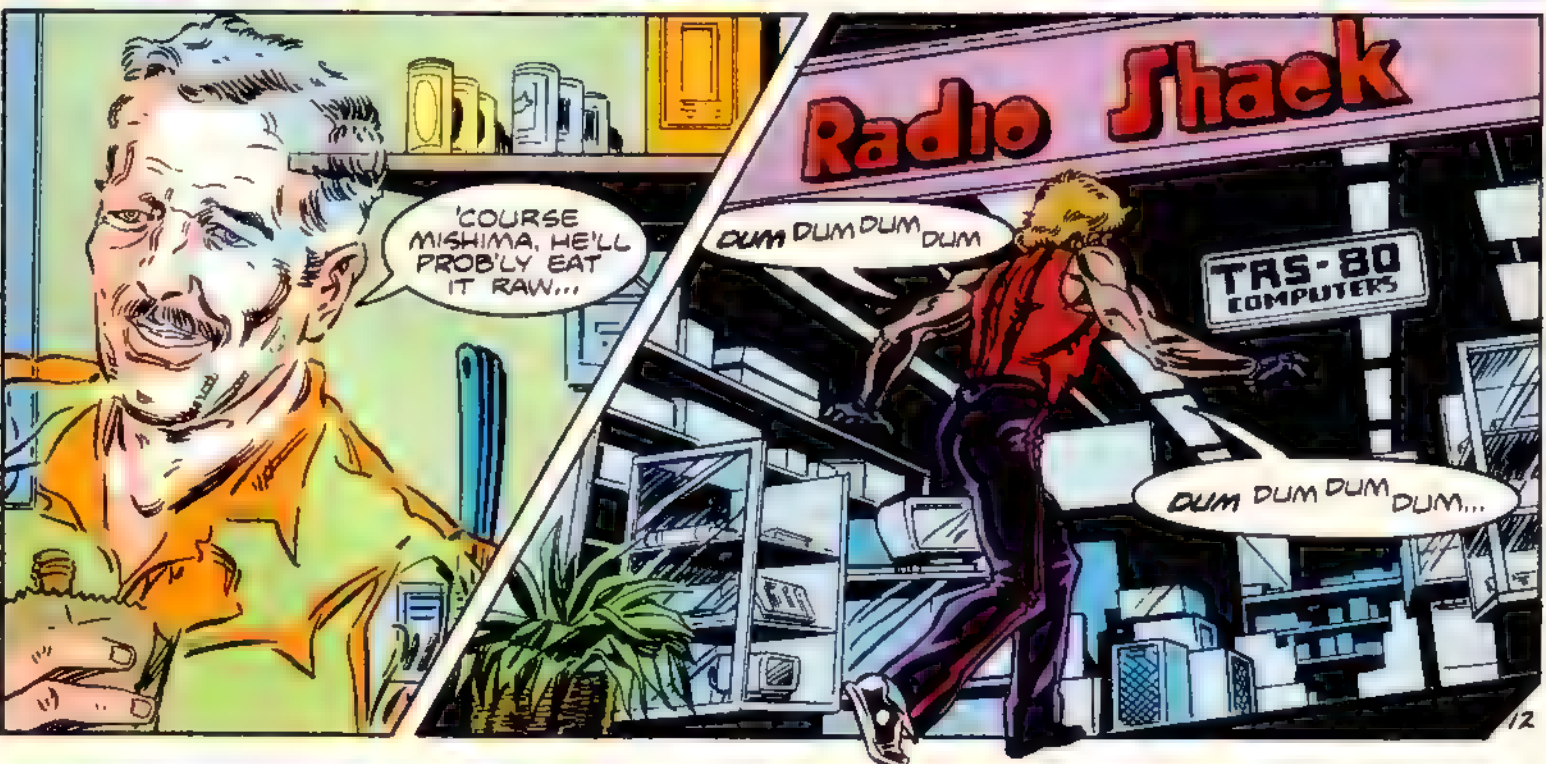
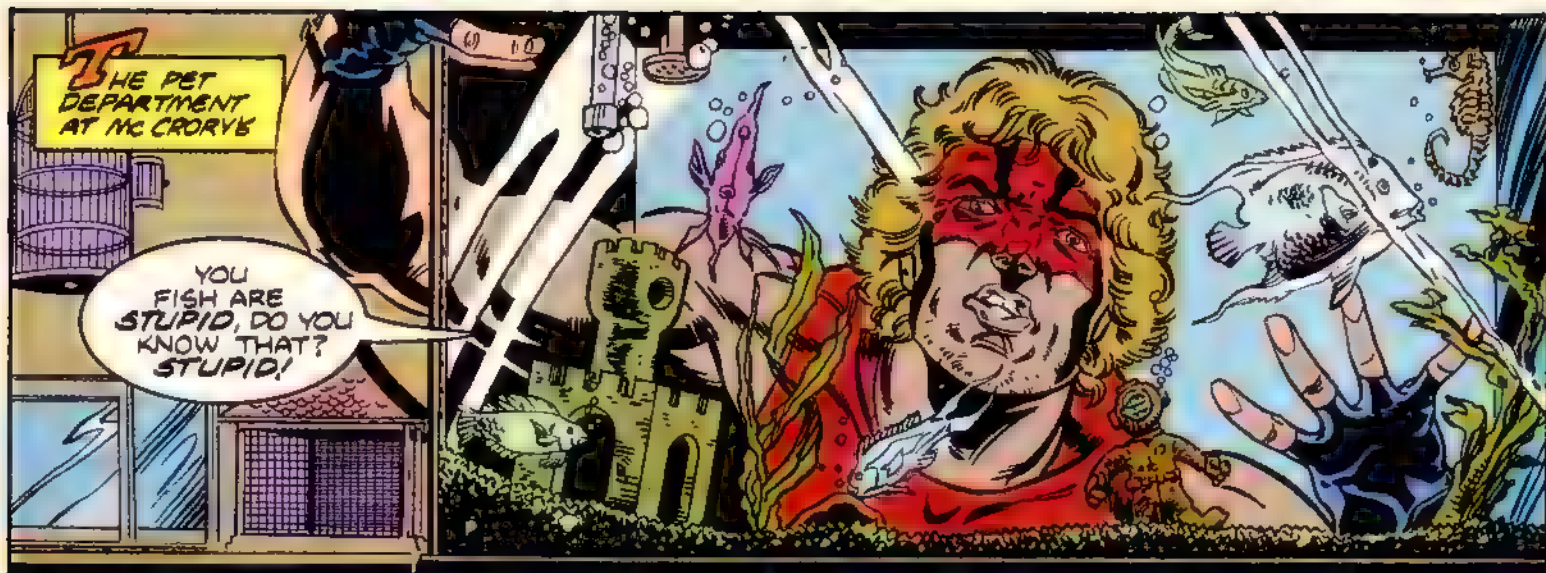


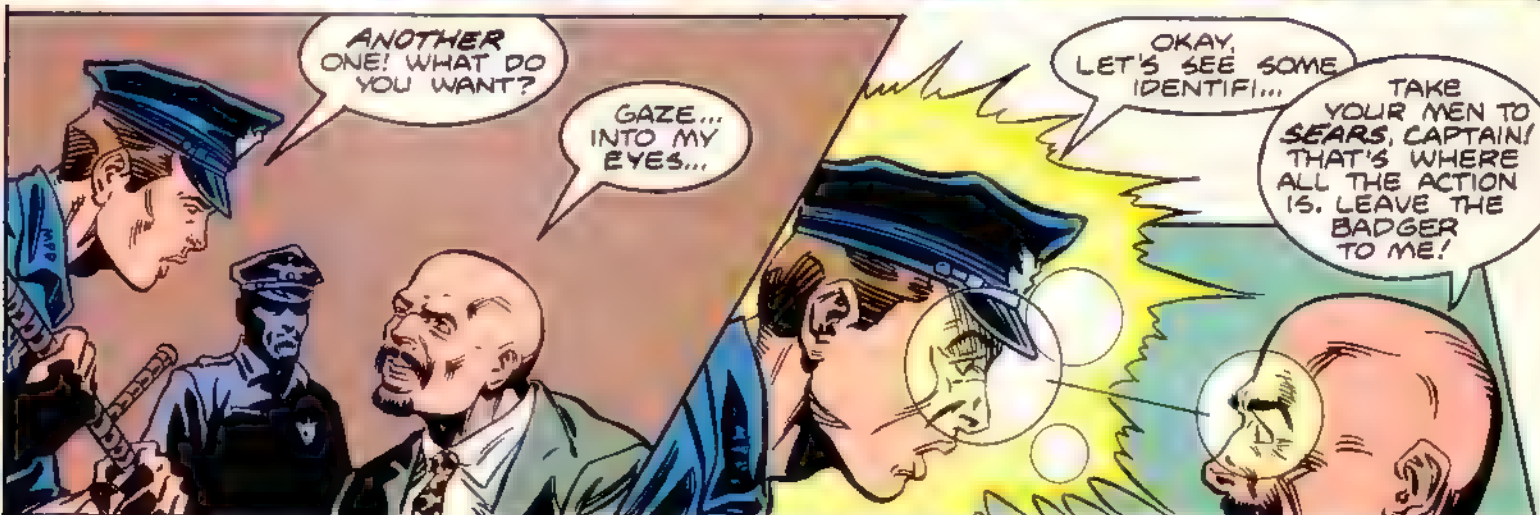
BLEARCH!

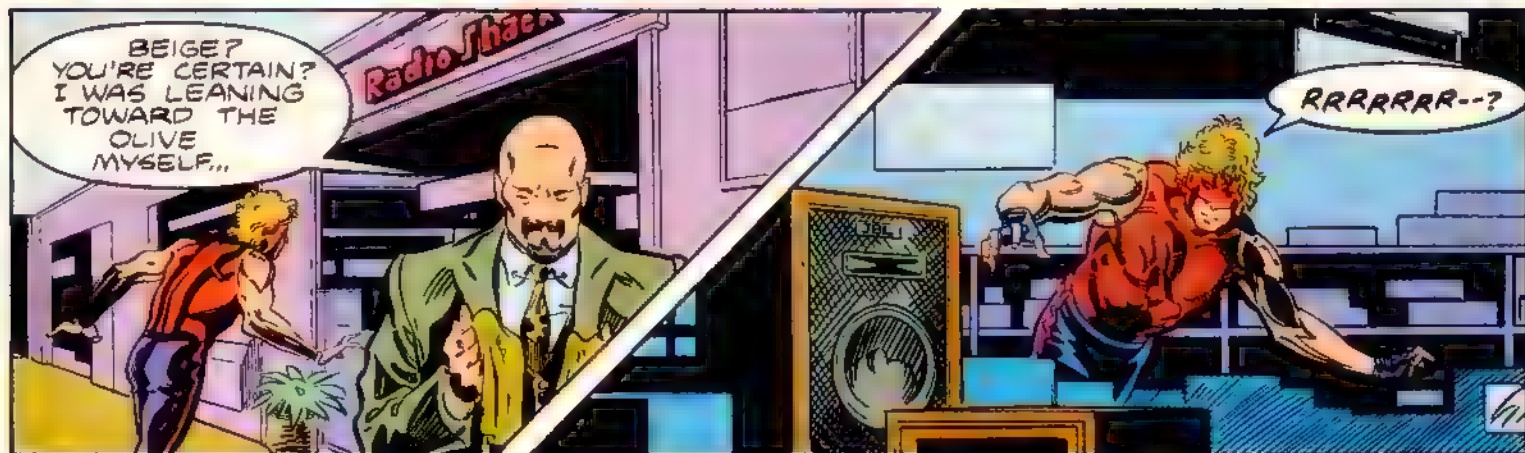
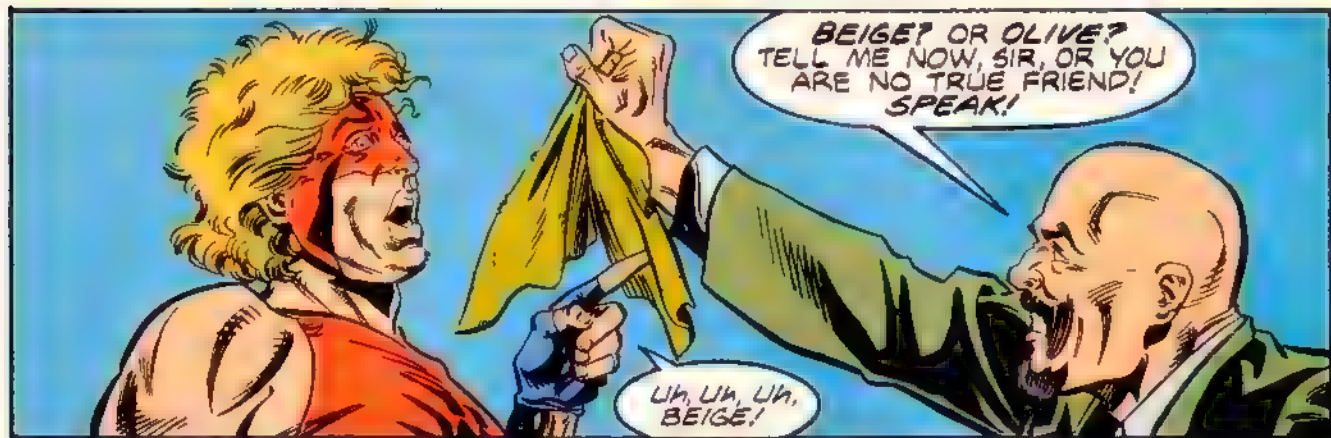
SNEER ALL YOU LIKE. THE FACT REMAINS
THAT THIS WEATHER IS EXCELLENT FOR CURING
TOBACCO. AND I HAVE MADE A CONSIDERABLE
PURCHASE IN THAT COMMODITY.

THE JAGS WERE HAVING A LIGHT SNACK IN YORK STEAK HOUSE, UNAWARE THAT JUST OUTSIDE THE FORCES OF DOOM WERE GATHERING.









THIS JAGUAR
REEKS. I REEK.
TOGETHER, WE ARE
OVERWHELMING.

AYRES HERE/
BADGER'S GOT THE
JAGUAR AND HE'S
HEADED FOR
THE EXIT!

STOP HIM,
BUT DON'T HURT
HIM!

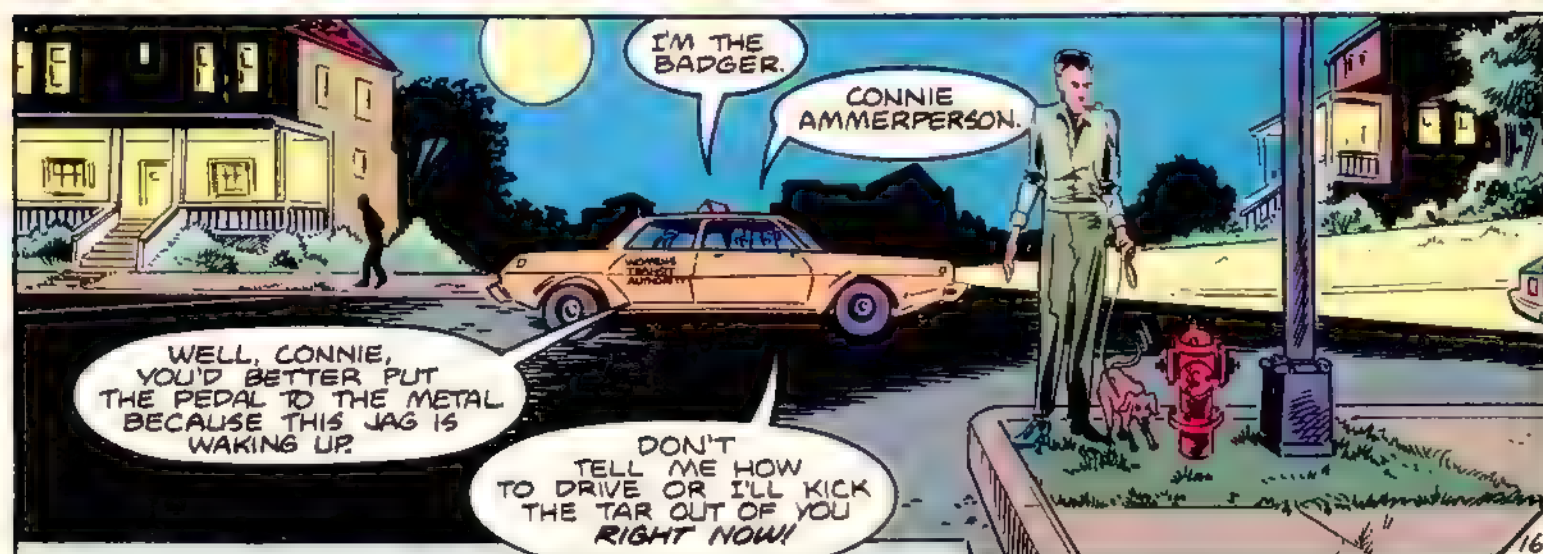
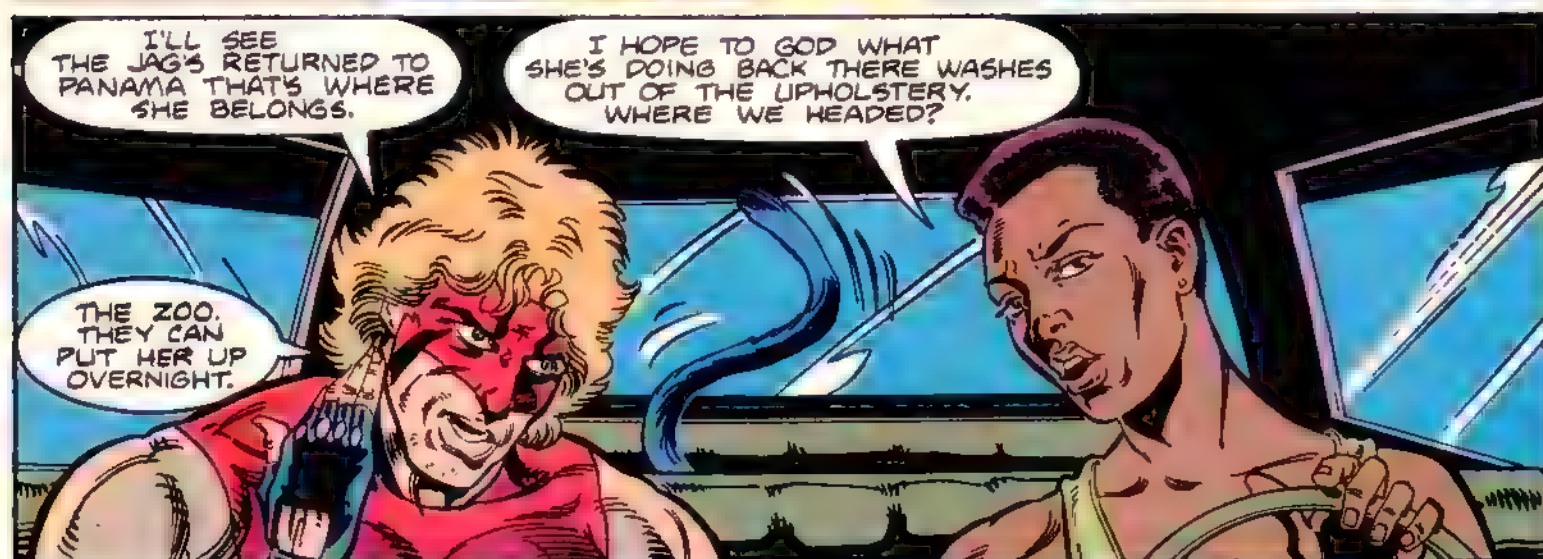
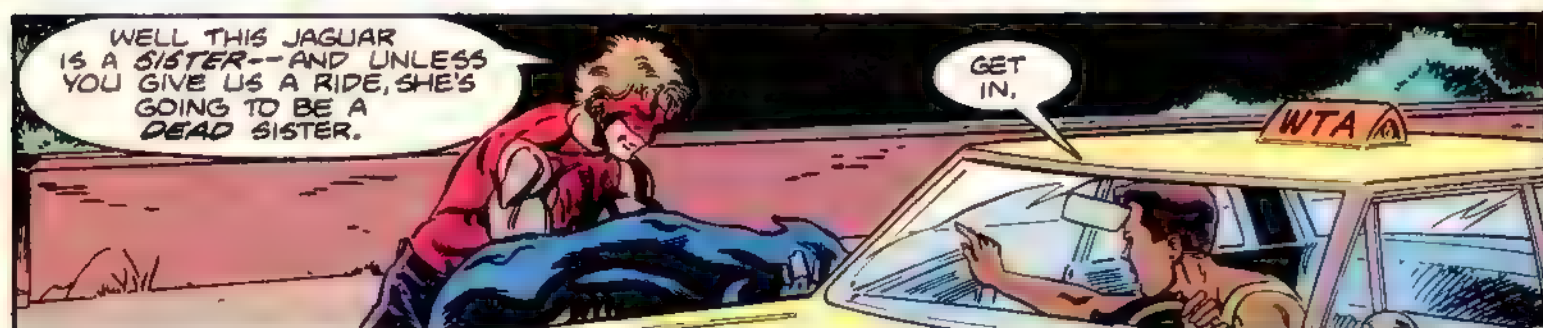
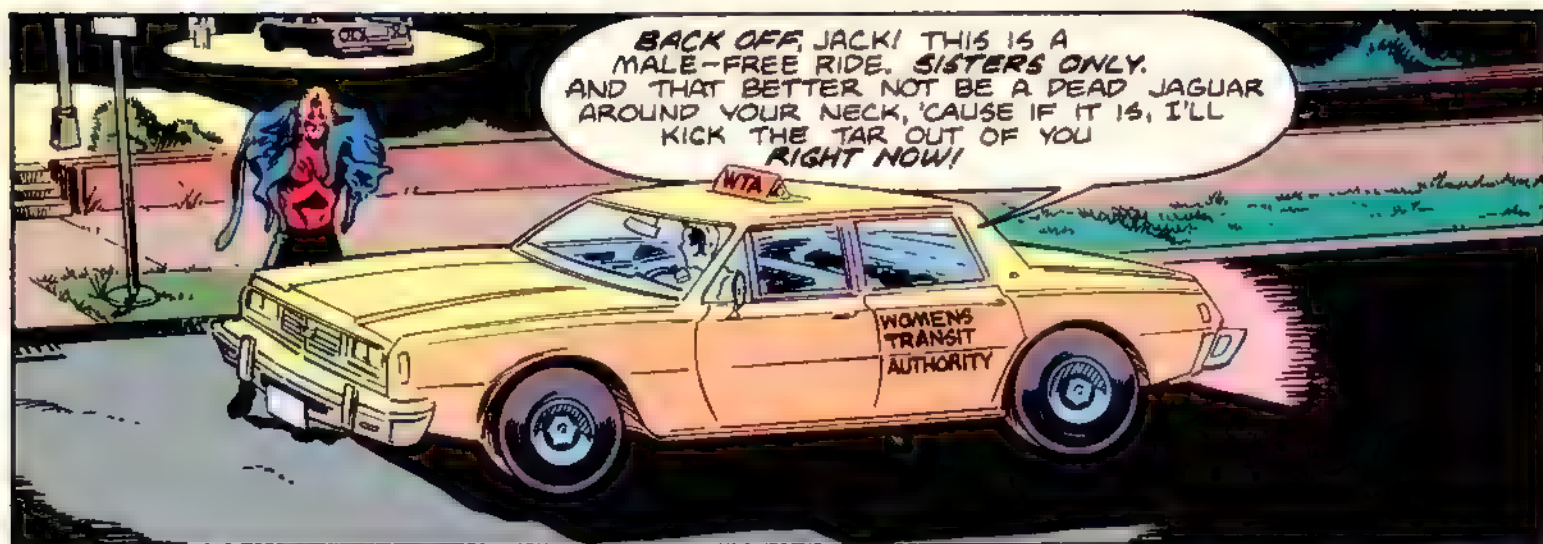
YOW!
WHY DIDN'T
I BRING MY
CAR?

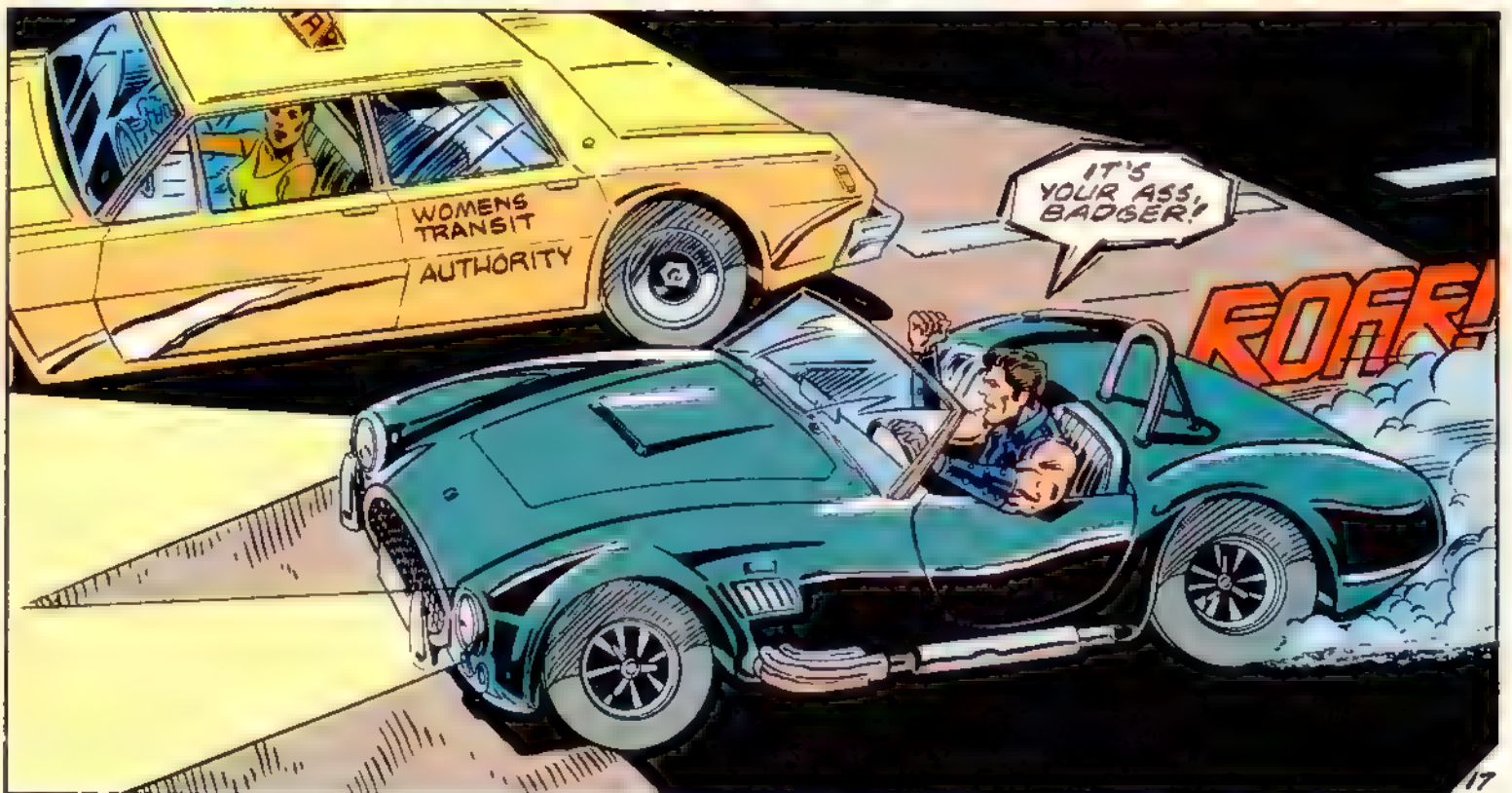
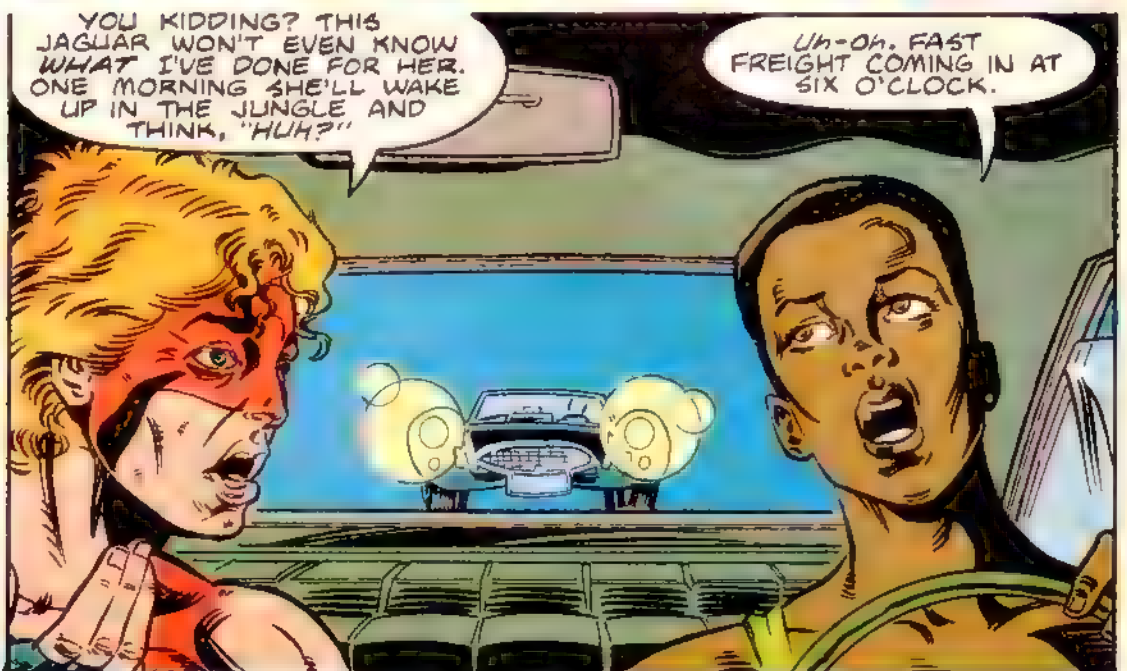
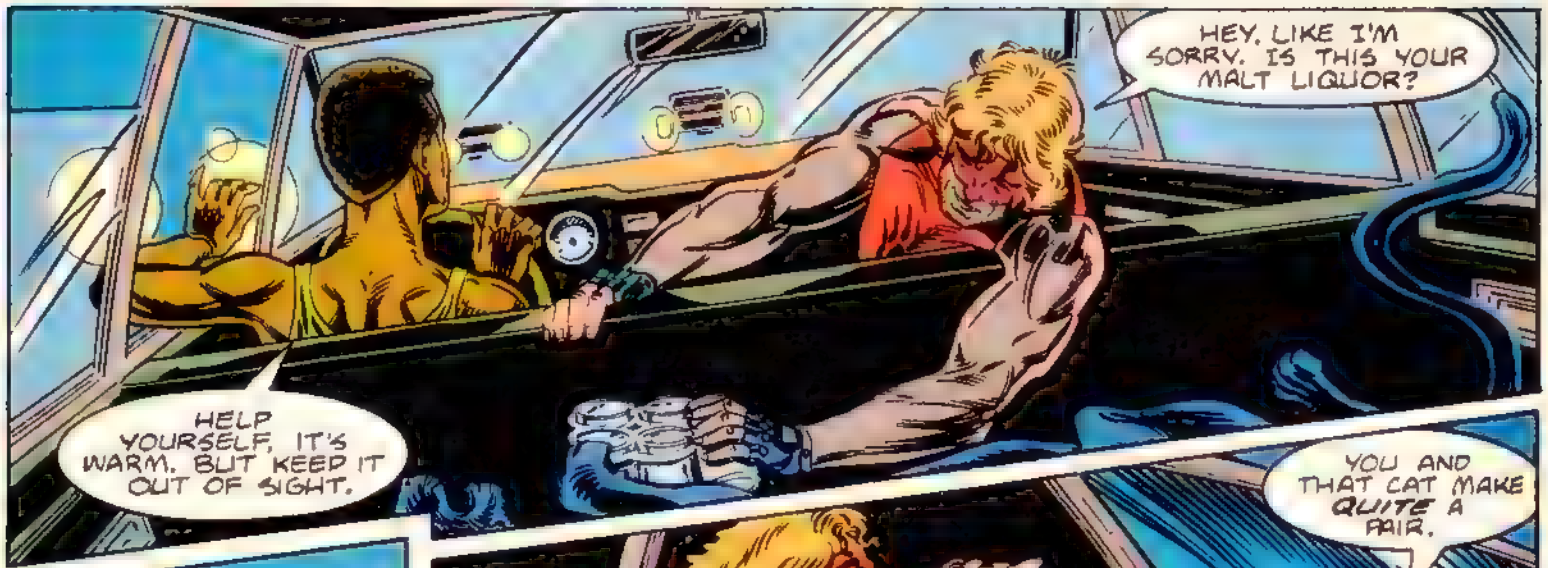
STOP!
DROP THE
JAGUAR!

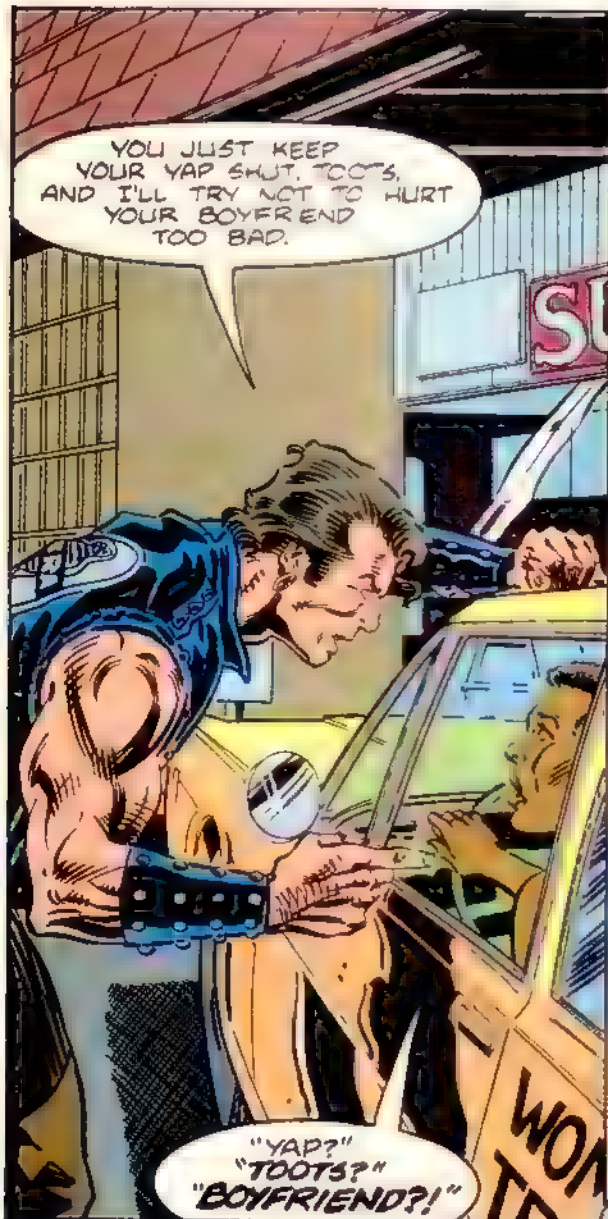
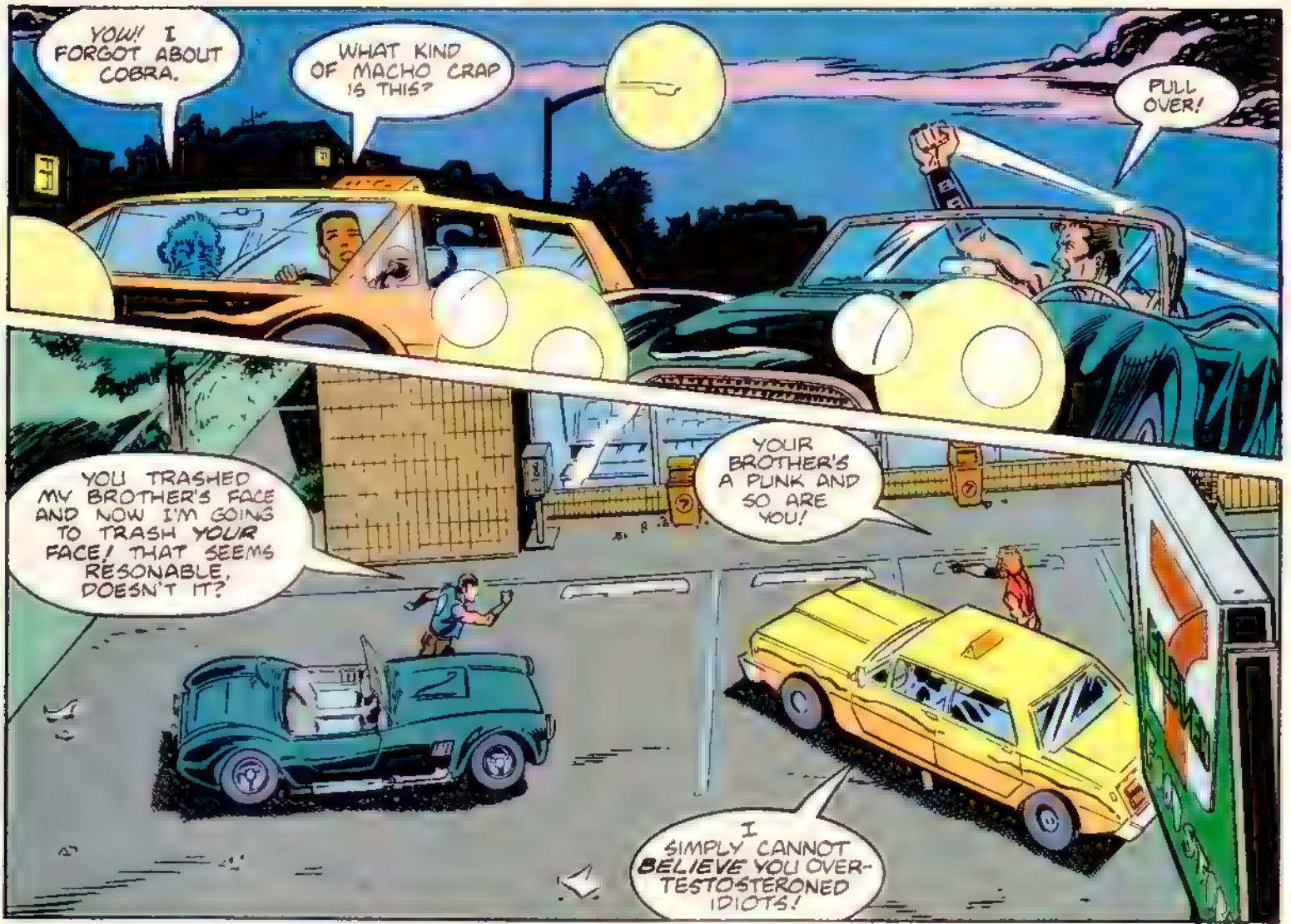
I REMEMBER!
I FORGOT! I DON'T
SEE A BUS...

I'LL HAVE TO
IMPROVISE...

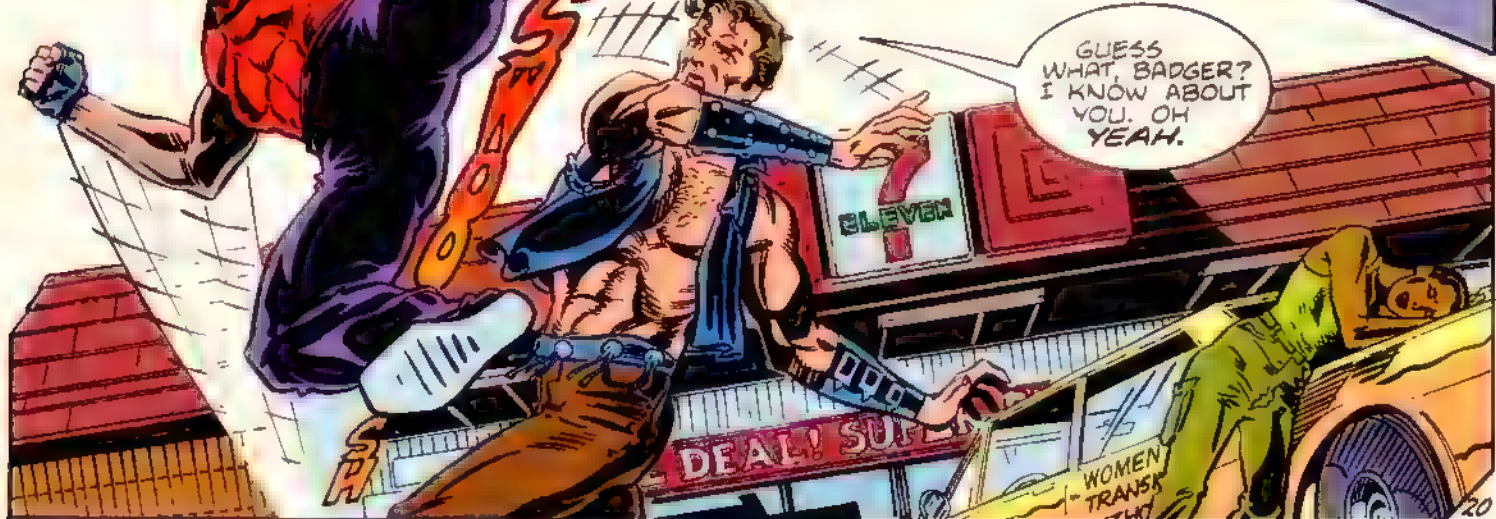
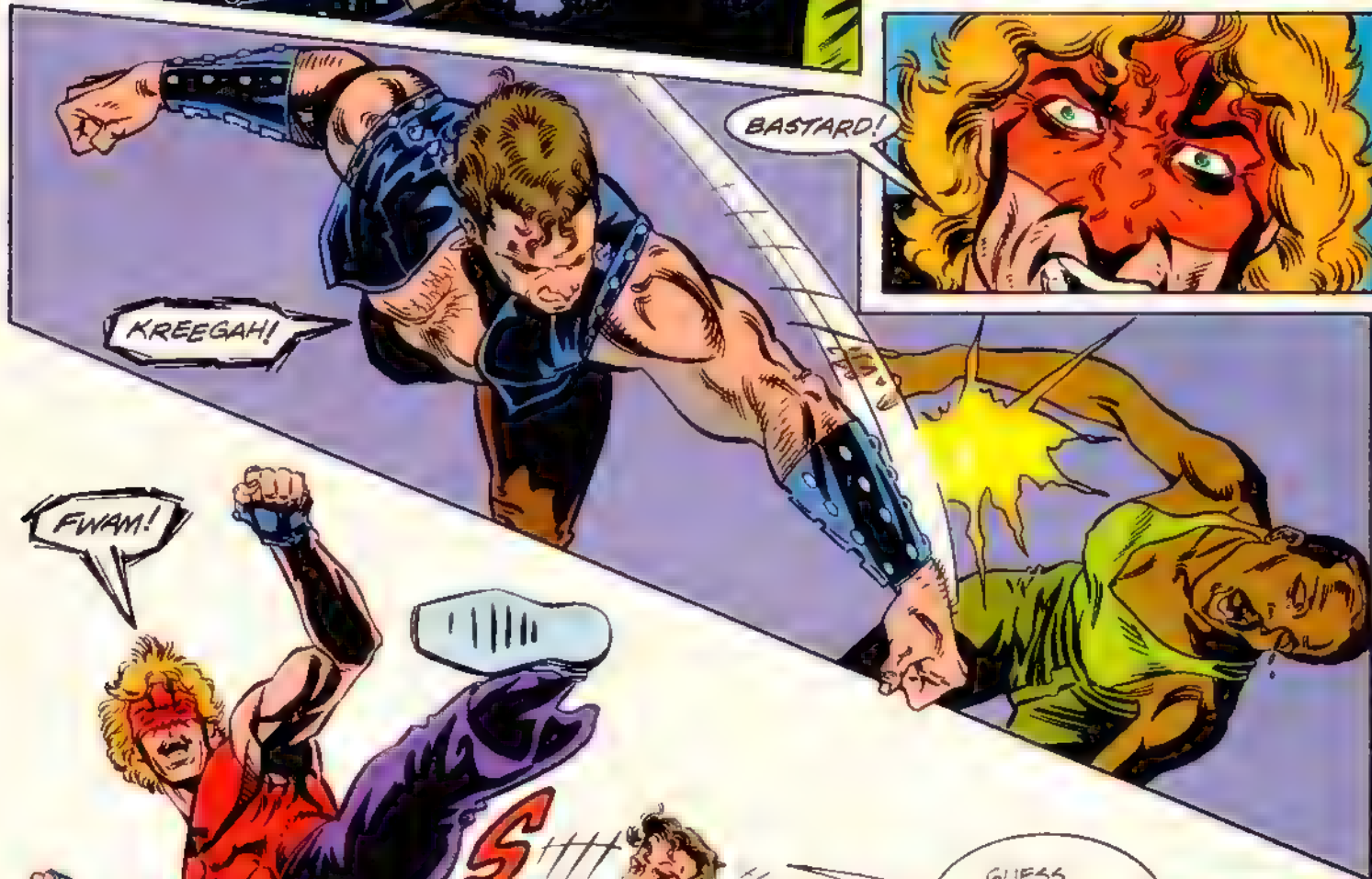
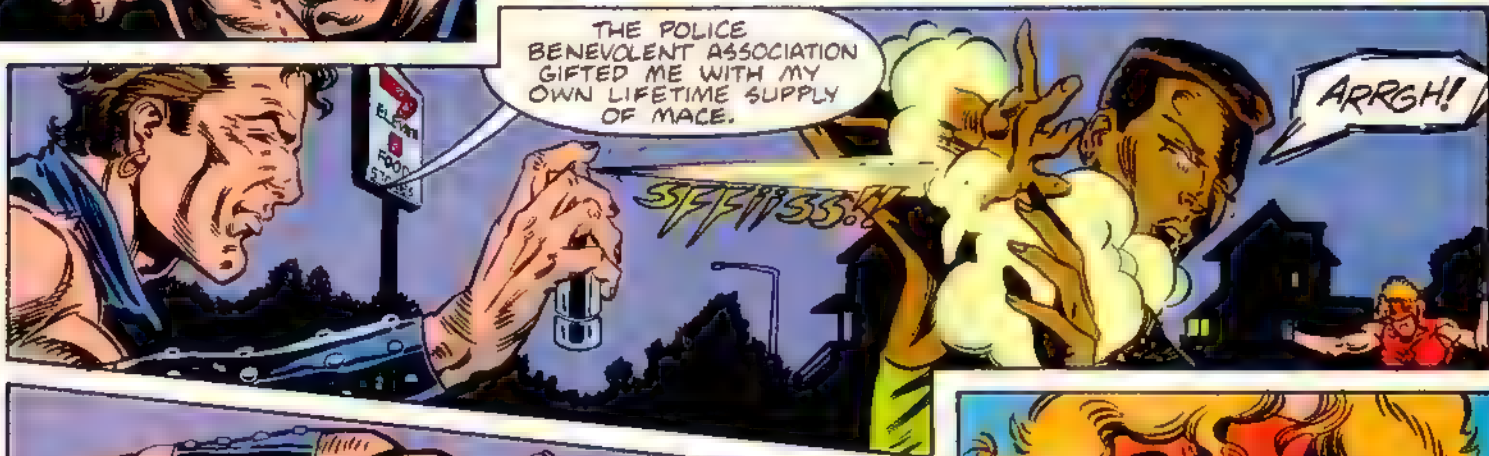
TAXI!

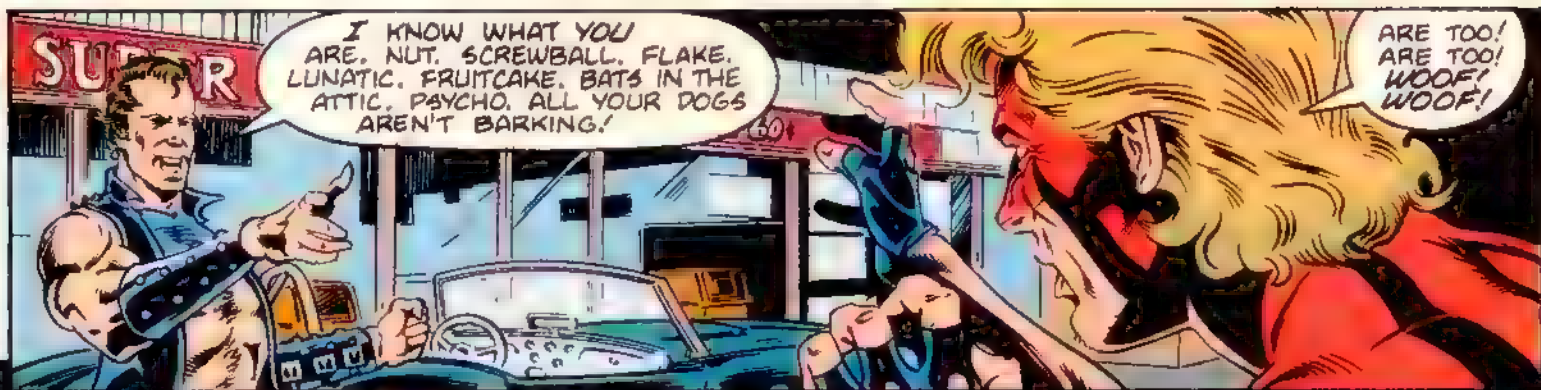


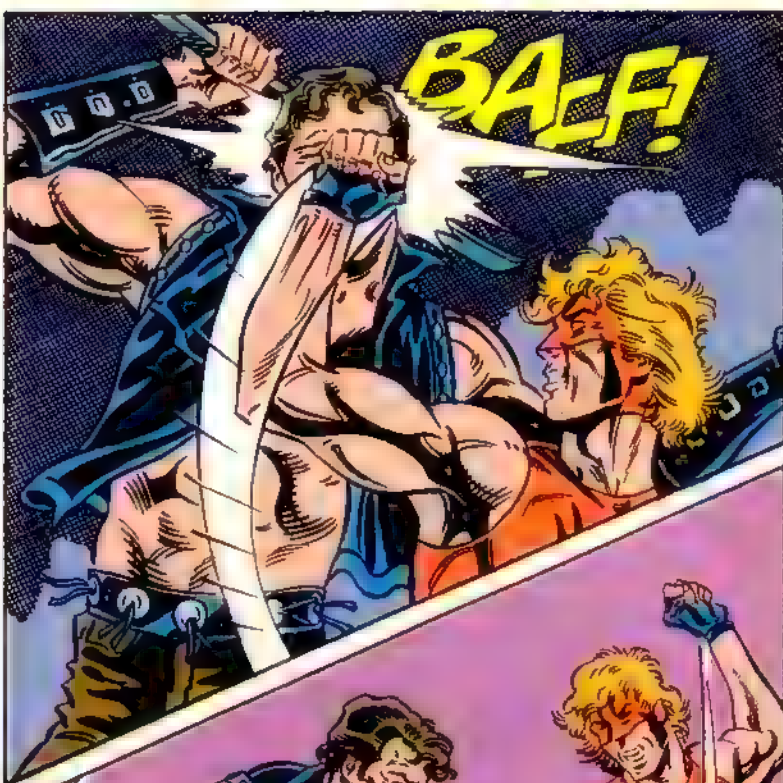
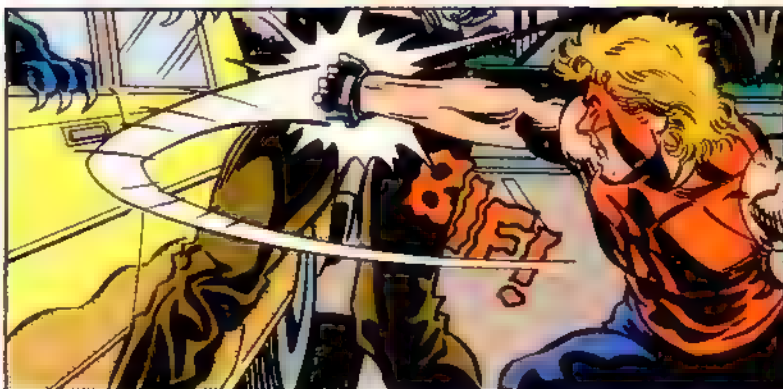
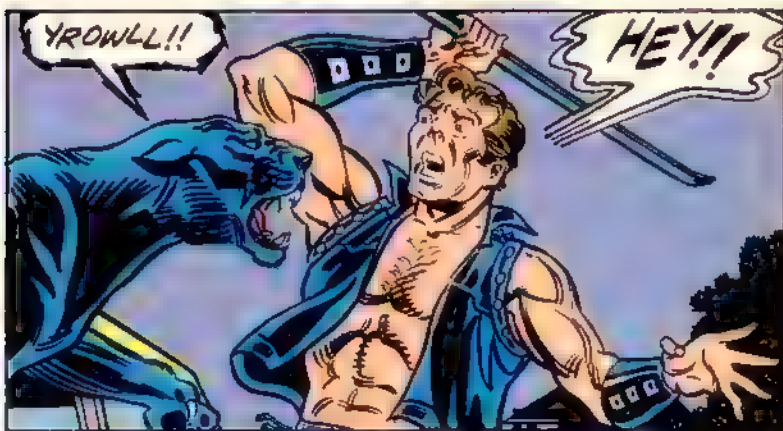
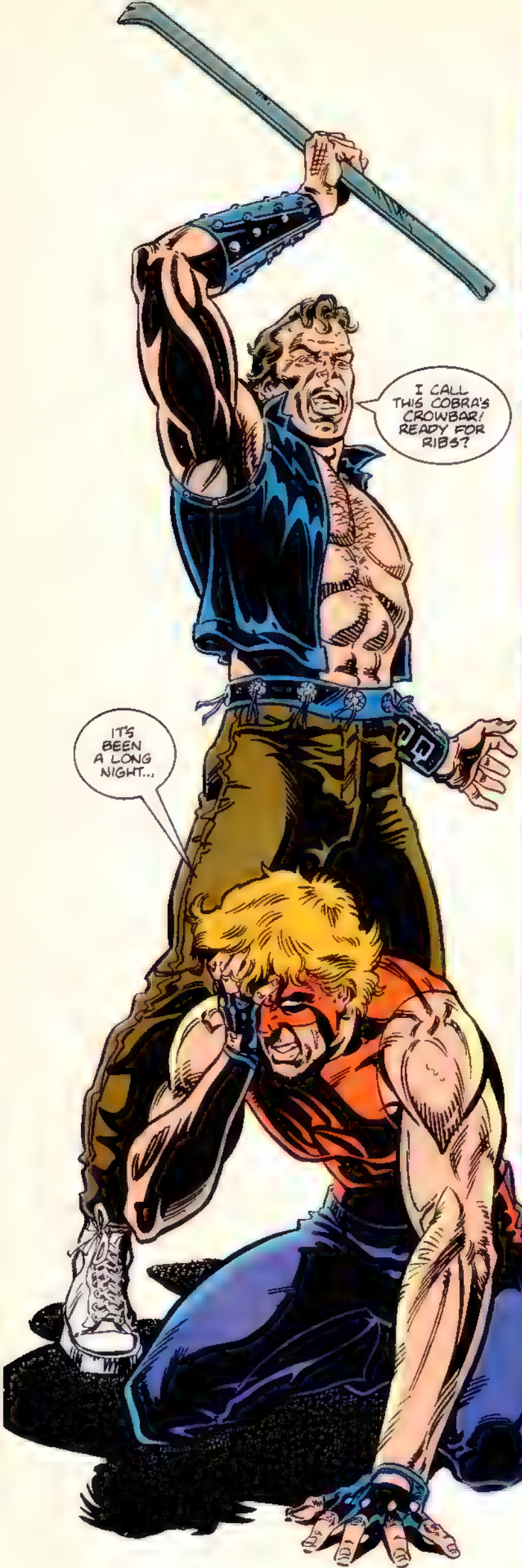


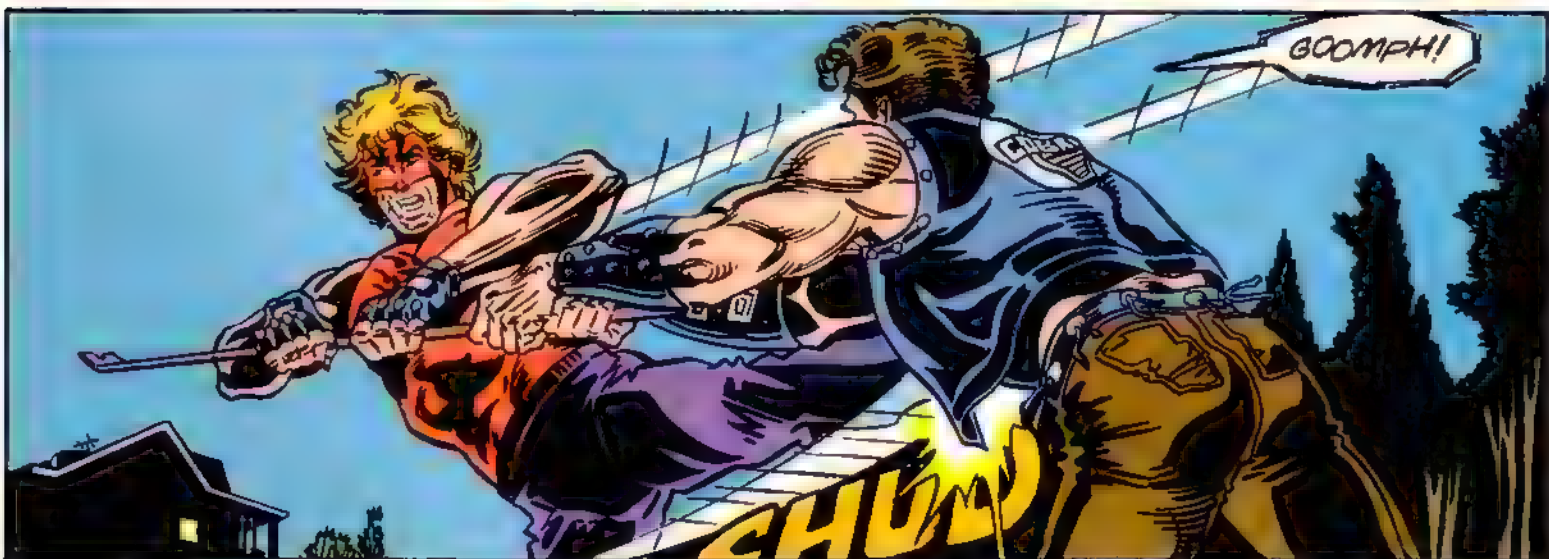
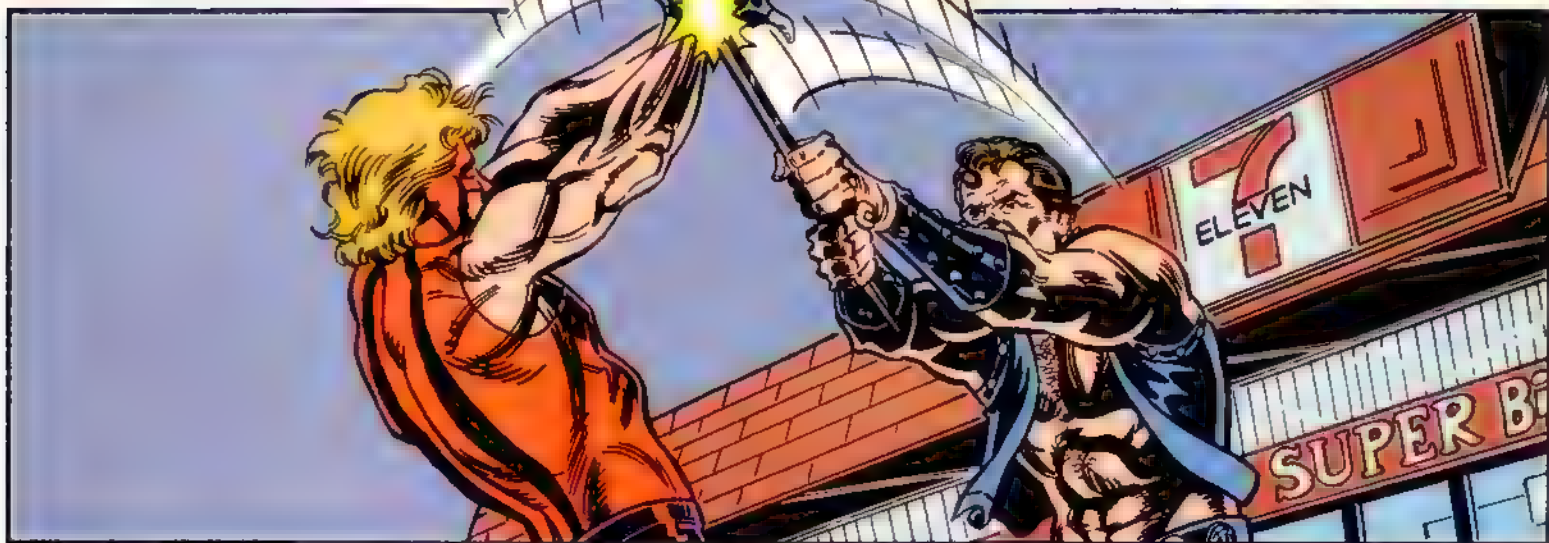
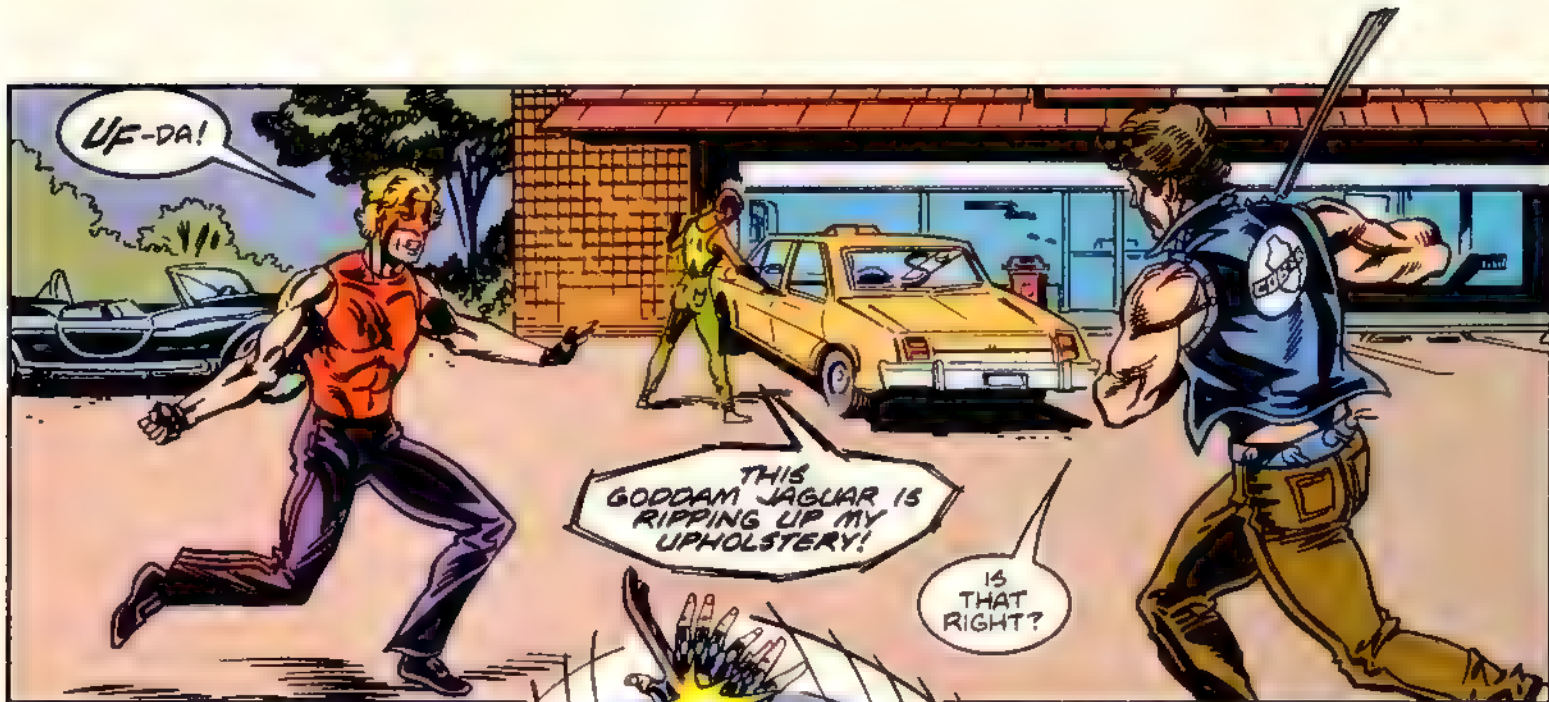














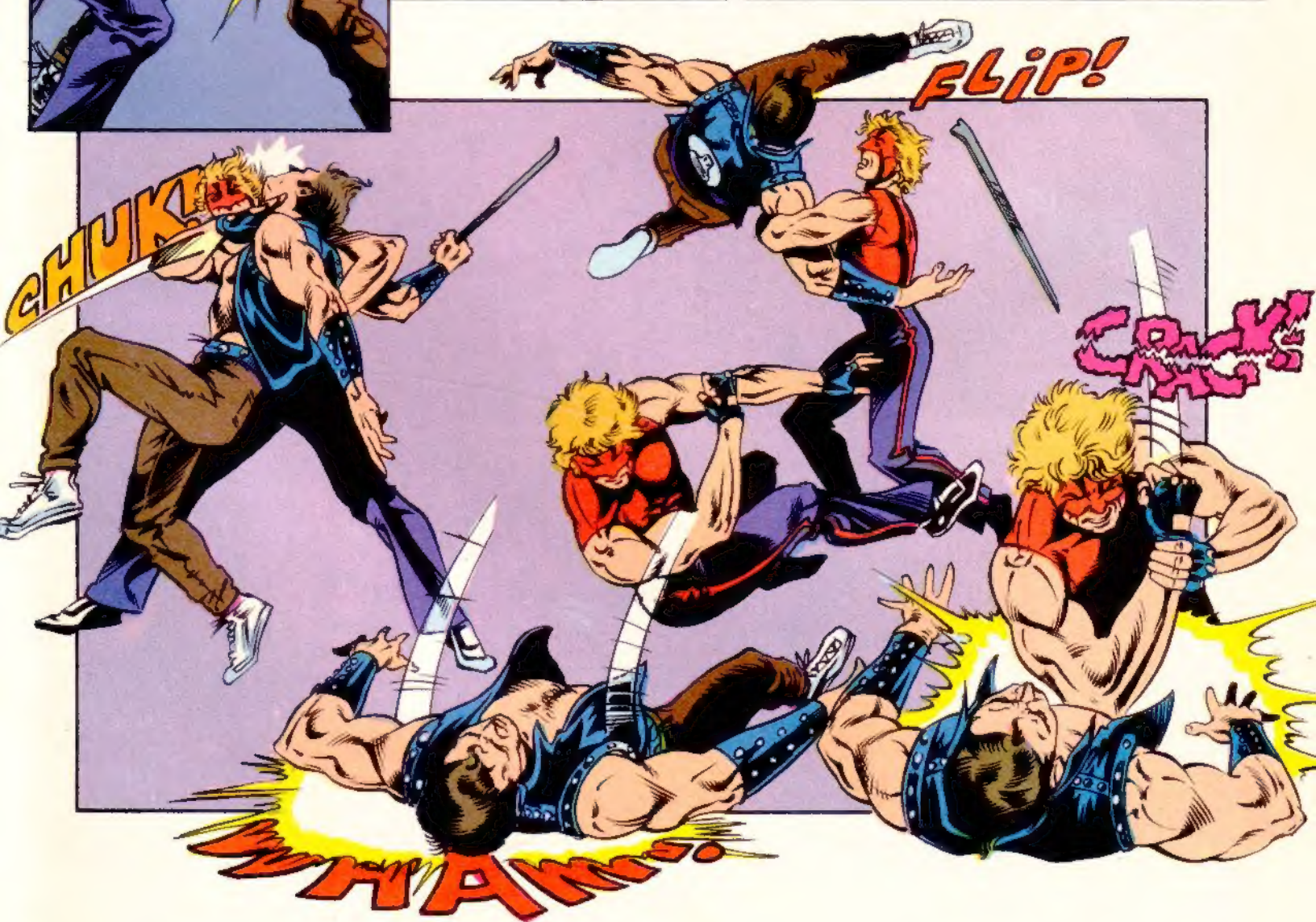
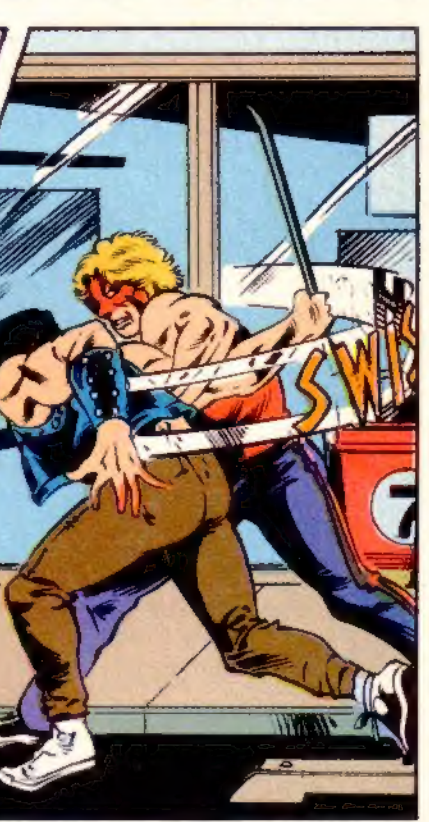
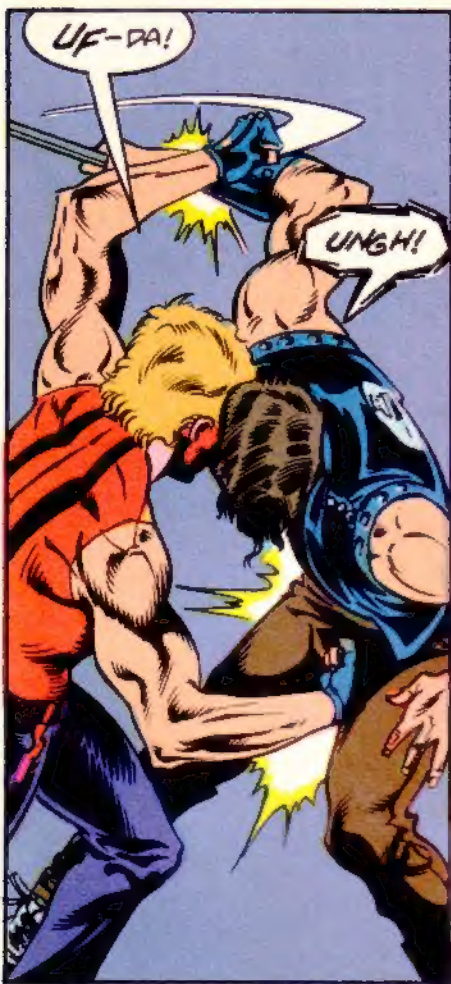
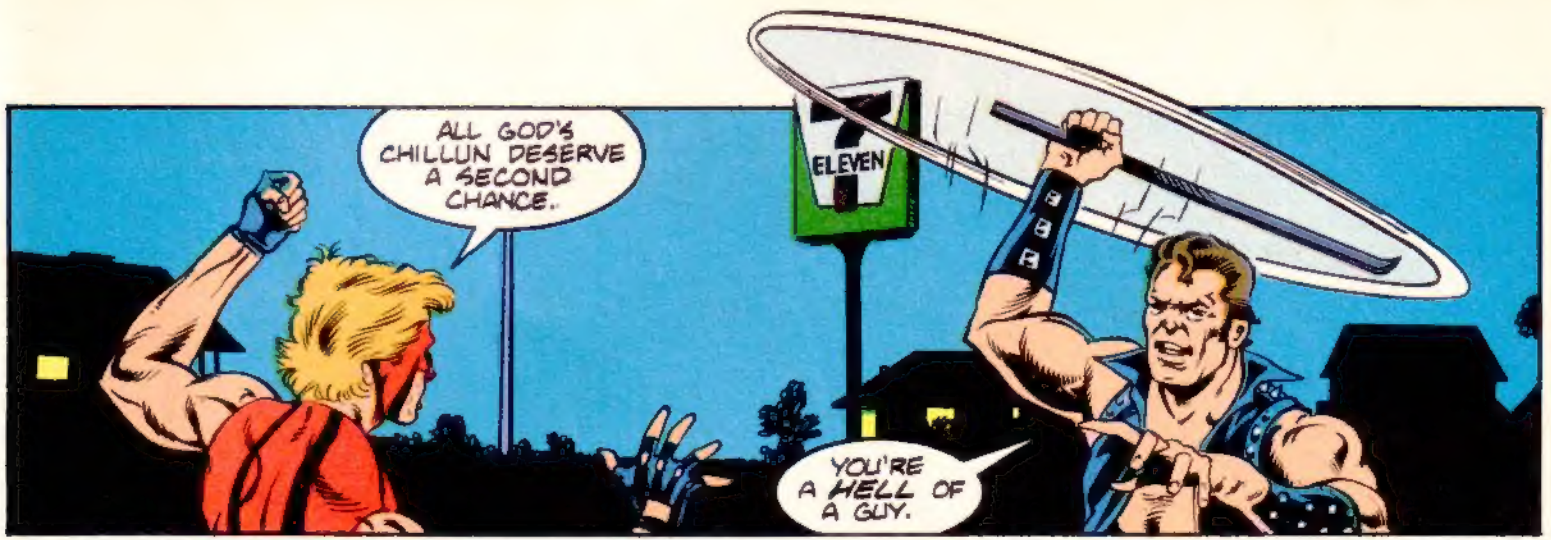
YOU KNOW,
FOR A
CORNFLAKE,
YOU'RE PRETTY
GOOD.

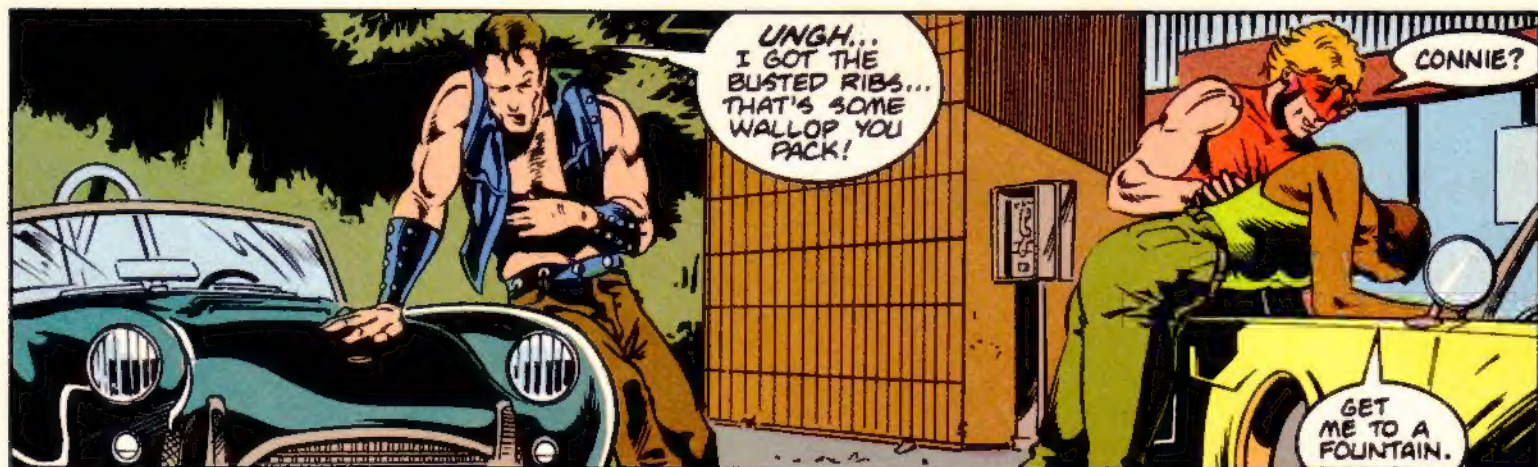
I
THOUGHT
I WAS A
GRAPENUT.

NOW IT'S
CRAPPING ALL OVER
EVERYTHING!

HERE.

THANKS.



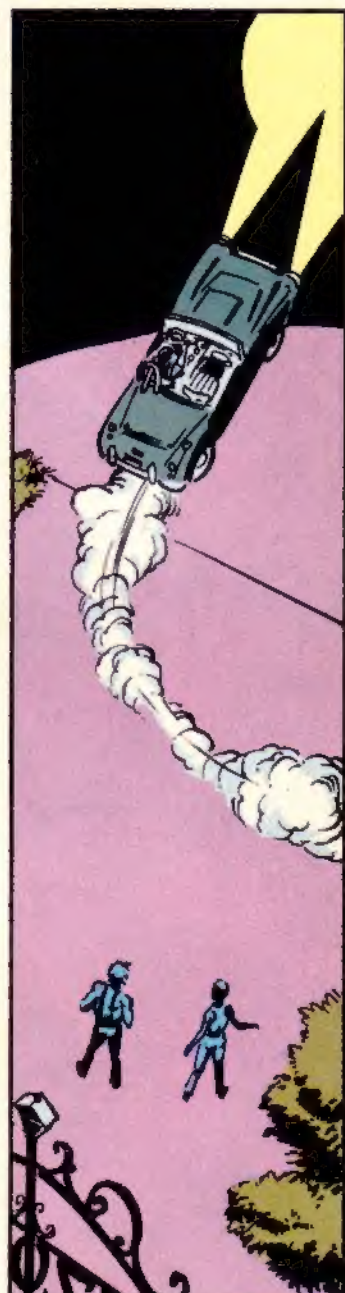


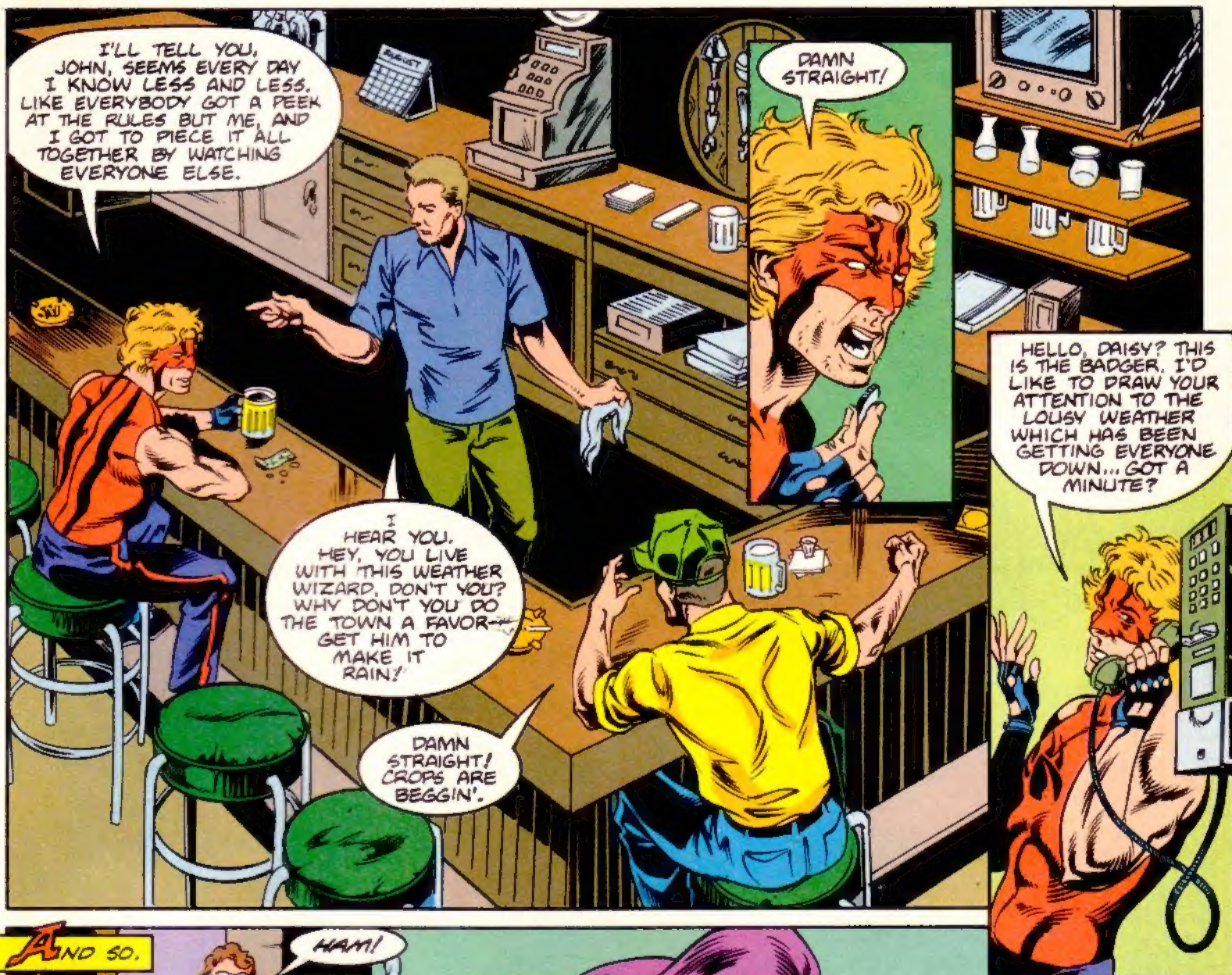
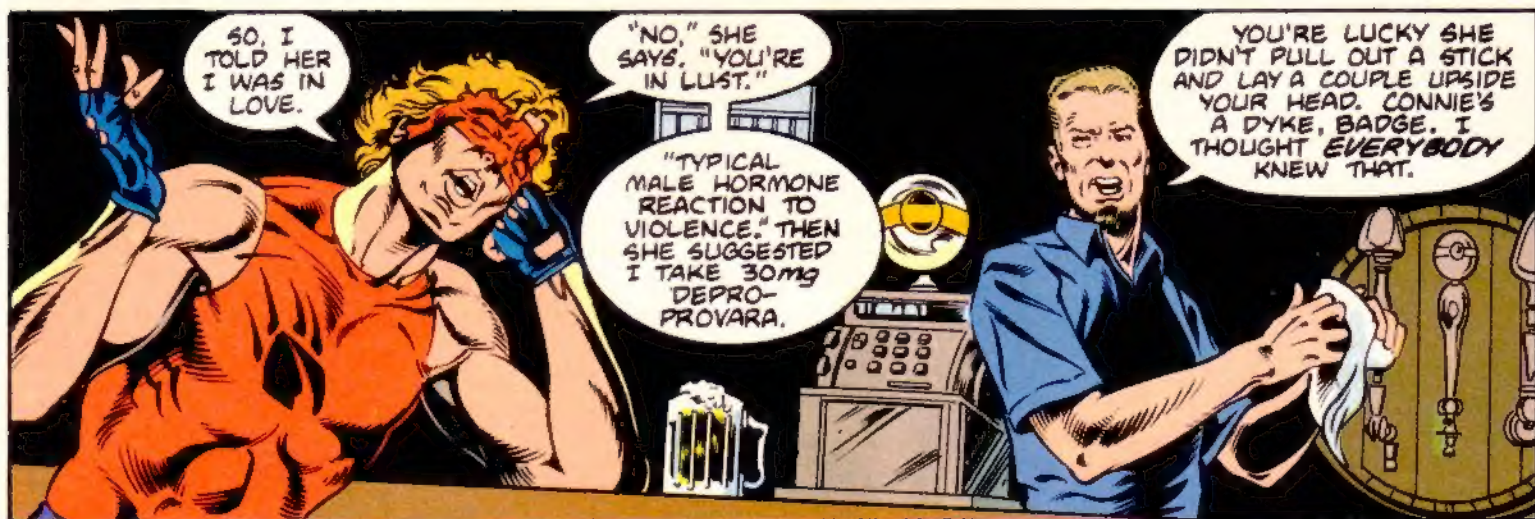
SOON CONNIE RECOVERED, THE JAGUAR WAS DEPOSITED WITH THE CAT KEEPER AT THE ZOO (UNDER AN ASSUMED NAME), AND COBRA CRISP'S RIBS WERE BANDAGED. IT'S WAS 11:30 A.M. THE TEMPERATURE WAS 89 DEGREES.



I DON'T FIND IT ODD, NO. WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING SINCE YOU LEFT THE FORCE?

I'M IN COMMODITIES NOW. MY OFFICES ARE IN THE PRUDENTIAL TOWER. GIVE ME A CALL SOMETIME. WE'LL HAVE LUNCH.





12:30 A.M., SUNDAY

